THE Indian Emperour, OR THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO BY THE SPANIARDS.

Being the Sequel of the *Indian Queen*.

By JOHN DRYDEN Esq;

Dum relego scripsisse pudet, quia plurima cerno
Me quoque, qui fori, judice, digna lini. Ovid.

LONDON,
Printed for *H. Herringman*, at the Sign of the *Blue Anchor* in the Lower walk of the *New Exchange*. 1681.

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To the most Excellent and most Illustrious Princess ANNE Dutchess of *Monmouth*, and *Buccleugh*, Wife to the most Illustrious and High-born Prince *James* Duke of *Monmouth*.

May it please your Grace,

THE favour which Heroick Plays have lately found upon our Theaters, has been wholly deriv'd to them from the countenance and approbation they have receiv'd at Court. The most eminent persons for Wit and Honour in the Royal Circle having so far owned them, that they have judg'd no way so fit as Verse to entertain a Noble Audience, or to express a noble passion. And amongst the rest which have been written in this kind, they have been so indulgent to this Poem, as to allow it no inconsiderable place. Since, therefore, to the Court I owe its fortune on the Stage; so, being now more publickly expos'd in Print, I humbly recommend it to your Graces Protection, who by all knowing persons are esteem'd a Principal Ornament of the Court. But though the rank which you hold in the Royal Family, might direct the Eyes of a Poet to you, yet your beauty and goodness detain and fix them. High Objects, 'tis true, attract the sight; but it looks up with pain on Craggy Rocks and Barren Mountains, and continues not intent on any object, which is wanting in shades and greens to entertain it. Beauty, in Courts, is so necessary to the young, that those who are without it, seem to be there to no other purpose than to wait on the triumphs of the fair; to attend

their motions in obscurity, as the Moon and Stars do the Sun by day: or, at best, to be the refuge of those hearts which others have despis'd; and, by the unworthiness of both, to give and take a miserable comfort. But as needful as Beauty is, Virtue, and Honour are yet more: the reign of it without their support is unsafe and short like that of Tyrants. Every Sun which looks on Beauty wastes it; and, when once it is decaying, the repairs of Art are of as short continuance, as the after Spring, when the Sun is going farther off. This, Madam, is its ordinary Fate, but yours which is accompanied by Virtue, is not subject to that common destiny. Your Grace has not only a long time of Youth in which to flourish, but you have likewise found the way by an untainted preservation of your Honour, to make that perishable good more lasting. And if Beauty, like Wines could be preserv'd by being mix'd and embodied with others of their own natures, then your Graces would be immortal, since no part of Europe can afford a parallel to your Noble Lord, in masculine Beauty, and in goodliness of shape. To receive the blessings and prayers of mankind, you need only to bee seen together: we are ready to conclude that you are a pair of Angels sent below to make Virtue amiable in your persons, or to sit to Poets when they would pleasantly instruct the Age, by drawing goodness in the most perfect and alluring shape of Nature. But though Beauty be the Theme, on which Poets love to dwell, I must be forc'd to quit it as a private praise, since you have deserv'd those which are more publick. For Goodness and Humanity, which shine in you, are Virtues which concern Mankind: and by a certain kind of interest all people agree in their commendation, because the profit of them may extend to many. 'Tis so much your inclination to do good, that

you

you stay not to be ask'd; which is an approach so nigh the Deity, that Humane Nature is not capable of a nearer. 'Tis my Happiness that I can testifie this Virtue of your Graces by my own experience; since I have so great an aversion from soliciting Court-Favours, that I am ready to look on those as very bold, who dare grow rich there without desert. But I beg your Graces pardon for assuming this Virtue of Modesty to my self, which the sequel of this Discourse will no way justifie. For in this Address I have already quitted the Character of a modest Man, by presenting you this Poem as an acknowledgement, which stands in need of your protection; and which ought no more to be esteem'd a Present, than it is accounted bounty in the Poor, when they bestow a Child on some wealthy Friend, who will better bread it up. Off-springs of this Nature are like to be so numerous with me, that I must be forc'd to send some of them abroad; only this is like to be more fortunate than his Brothers, because I have landed him on a hospitable shore. Under your Patronage Montezuma *hopes he is more safe than in his Native Indies: and therefore comes to throw himself at your Graces feet; paying that homage to your Beauty, which he refus'd to the violence of his Conquerours. He begs only that when he shall relate his sufferings, you will consider him as an* Indian Prince, *and not expect any other Eloquence from his simplicity, than what his griefs have furnish'd him withal. His story is, perhaps the greatest, which was ever represented in a Poem of this nature; (the action of it including the Discovery and Conquest of a New World.) In it I have neither wholly follow'd the truth of the History, nor altogether left it: but have taken all the liberty of a Poet, to add, alter, or diminish, as I thought might best conduce to the beautifying of my Work.*

It being not the business of a Poet to represent Historical truth, but probability. But I am not to make the justification of this Poem, which I wholly leave to your Graces mercy. 'Tis an irregular piece, if compar'd with many of Corneilles, *and, if I may make a judgment of it, written with more Fleme than Art; in which it represents the mind and intentions of the Author, who is with much more Zeal and Integrity, than Design and Artifice,*

MADAM,

October the 12th 1667.

Your Graces most Obedient

and most Obliged Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

Connexion of the *Indian Emperour* to the *Indian Queen*.

THE Conclusion of the *Indian Queen*, (part of which Poem was writ by me) left little matter for another Story to be built on, there remaining but two of the considerable Characters alive, (*viz.*) *Montezuma* and *Orazia*; thereupon the Author of this, thought it necessary to produce new persons from the old ones; and considering the late *Indian Queen*, before she lov'd *Montezuma*, liv'd in clandestine Marriage with her General *Traxalla*; from those two, he has rais'd a Son and two Daughters, supposed to be left young Orphans at their Death: On the other side, he has given to *Montezuma* and *Orazia*, two Sons and a Daughter; all now supposed to be grown up to Mens and Womens Estate; and their Mother *Orazia* (for whom there was no further use in the story) lately dead.

So that you are to imagine about Twenty years elapsed since the Coronation of *Montezuma*; who, in the Truth of the History, was a great and glorious Prince; and in whose time happned the Discovery and Invasion of *Mexico* by the *Spaniards*; under the conduct of *Fernando Cortez*, who, joyning with the *Tlaxallan Indians*, the inveterate Enemies of *Montezuma*, wholly subverted that flourishing Empire, the Conquest of which, is the Subject of this *Dramatique* Poem.

I have neither wholly followed the story nor varied from it; and, as near as I could, have traced the Native simplicity and ignorance of the *Indians*, in relation to *European* Customes: The Shipping, Armour, Horses, Swords, and Guns of the *Spaniards*, being as new to them, as their Habits and their Language were to the Christians.

The difference of their Religion from ours, I have taken from the Story it self; and that which you find of it in the first and fifth Acts touching the sufferings and constancy of *Montezuma* in his Opinions, I have only illustrated, not alter'd from those who have written of it.

The Names of the Persons Represented.

Indians Men,
- *Montezuma*, Emperour of *Mexico*.
- *Odmar*, his Eldest Son.
- *Guyomar*, his Younger Son.
- *Orbellan*, Son to the late *Indian Queen* by *Traxalla*.
- *High Priest* of the *Sun*.

Women,
- *Cydaria*, *Montezuma*'s Daughter.
- *Almeria*, *Alibech*, } Sisters; and Daughters to the late *Indian Queen*.

Spaniards,
- *Cortez* the *Spanish* General.
- *Vasquez*, *Pizarro*, } Commanders under him.

The Scene *MEXICO* and two Leagues about it.

Pro-

Prologue.

Almighty Critiques! whom our Indians *here*
Worship, just as they do the Devil, for fear.
In reverence to your pow'r I come this day
To give you timely warning of our Play.
The Scenes are old, the Habits are the same
We wore last year, before the Spaniards *came.*
Now if you stay, the blood that shall be shed
From this poor Play, be all upon your head.
We neither promise you one Dance, or Show,
Then Plot and Language they are wanting too:
But you, kind Wits, will those light faults excuse:
Those are the common frailties of the Muse;
Which who observes he buys his place too dear:
For 'tis your business to be cow'ed here.
These wretched spies of wit must then confess
They take more pains to please themselves the less.
Grant us such Judges, Phœbus, *we request,*
As still mistake themselves into a jest;
Such easie Judges, that our Poet may
Himself admire the fortune of his Play;
And arrogantly, as his fellows do,
Think he writes well, because he pleases you.
This he conceives not hard to bring about
If all of you would joyn to help him out.
Would each man take but what he understands,
And leave the rest upon the Poets hands.

THE

THE Indian Emperour.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Scene a Pleasant Indian *Country.*

Enter Cortez, Vasquez, Pizarro, *with* Spaniards *and* Indians *of their party.*

Cort. ON what new happy Climate are we thrown,
So long kept secret, and so lately known;
As if our old world modestly withdrew,
And here, in private, had brought forth a new!

Vasq. Corn, Wine, and Oyl are wanting to this ground,
In which our Countries fruitfully abound:
As if this Infant-world, yet unarray'd,
Naked and bare, in Natures Lap were laid,
No useful Arts have yet found footing here;
But all untaught and salvage does appear.

Cort. Wild and untaught are Terms which we alone
Invent, for fashions differing from our own:
For all their Customs are by Nature wrought,
But we, by Art, unteach what Nature taught.

Piz. In *Spain* our Springs, like old Mens Children be
Decay'd and wither'd from their infancy:
No kindly showers fall on our barren earth,
To hatch the seasons in a timely birth.
Our Summer such a Russet Livery wears,
As in a Garment often dy'd appears.

Cort. Here Nature ſpreads her fruitful ſweetneſs round,
Breaths on the Air and broods upon the ground.
Here days and nights the only ſeaſons be,
The Sun no Climat does ſo gladly ſee:
When forc'd from hence, to view our parts, he mourns;
Takes little journeys, and makes quick returns.

Vaſq. Methinks we walk in dreams on Fairy Land,
Where golden Ore lies mixt with common ſand;
Each downfal of a flood the Mountains pour
From their rich bowels, rolls a ſilver ſhower.

Cort. Heaven from all ages wiſely did provide
This wealth, and for the braveſt Nation hide,
Who with four hundred foot and forty horſe,
Dare boldly go a New found World to force.

Piz. Our men, though Valiant, we ſhould find too few,
But *Indians* joyn the *Indians* to ſubdue;
Taxallan, ſhook by *Montezumas* powers,
Has to reſiſt his forces, call'd in ours.

Vaſq. Rathly to arm againſt ſo great a King
I hold not ſafe, nor is it juſt to bring
A War, without a fair defiance made.

Piz. Declare we firſt our quarrel: then invade.

Cort. My ſelf, my Kings Embaſſadour, will go;
Speak *Indian* Guide, how far to *Mexico*?

Indi. Your eyes can ſcarce ſo far a proſpect make,
As to diſcern the City on the Lake.
But that broad Cauſ-way will direct your way,
And you may reach the Town by noon of day.

Cort. Command a party of our *Indians* out,
With a ſtrict charge not to engage, but ſcout;
By noble ways we Conqueſt will prepare,
First offer peace, and that refus'd make war.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Temple, and the high Priest with other Priests.

To them an Indian.

Ind. Haste Holy Priest, it is the Kings command.

High Pr. When sets he forward?

Ind......He is near at hand.

High Pr. The incense is upon the Altar plac'd,
The bloody Sacrifice already past.
Five hundred Captives saw the rising Sun,
Who lost their light ere half his race was run.
That which remains we here must celebrate;
Where far from noise, without the City gate,
The peaceful power that governs love repairs,
To feast upon soft vows and silent pray'rs.
We for his Royal presence only stay,
To end the rites of this so solemn day. [*Exit* Indian.

Enter Montezuma; *his eldest Son* Odmar; *his Daughter* Cydaria, Almeria, Alibech, Orbellan, *and Train. They place themselves.*

High Pr. On your birth day, while we sing
To our Gods and to our King,
Her, among this beauteous quire,
Whose perfections you admire,
Her, who fairest does appear,
Crown her Queen of all the year.
Of the year and of the day,
And at her feet your Garland lay.

Odm. My Father this way does his looks direct,
Heaven grant he give it not where I suspect.

Montezuma *rises, goes about the Ladies, and at length stays at* Almeria *and bows.*

Mont. Since my *Orazia*'s death I have not seen
A beauty so deserving to be Queen
As fair *Almeria.*

Alm......Sure he will not know
My birth I to that injur'd Princess owe,
Whom his hard heart not only love deny'd,
But in her sufferings took unmanly pride.
Alib. Since *Montezuma* will his choice renew,
In dead *Orazia's* room electing you,
'Twill please our Mothers Ghost that you succeed
To all the glories of her Rivals bed.
Alm. If news be carried to the Shades below,
The *Indian* Queen will be more pleas'd, to know
That I his scorns on him, who scorn'd her, pay.
Orb, Would you could right her some more noble way.

To her Brother and Sister aside.

She turns to him who is kneeling all this while.

Mont. Madam, this posture is for Heaven design'd, [*Kneeling.*
And what moves Heaven I hope may make you kind.
Alm. Heaven may be kind, the Gods uninjur'd live,
And crimes below cost little to forgive.
By thee, Inhumane, both my Parents dy'd,
One by thy sword, the other by thy pride.
Mont. My haughty mind to fate could ever bow,
Yet I must stoop to one who scorns me now:
Is there no pity to my sufferings due?
Alm. As much as what my mother found from you.
Mont. Your mothers wrongs a recompence shall meet,
I lay my Scepter at her Daughters feet.
Alm. He, who does now my least commands obey,
Would call me Queen, and take my pow'r away.
Odm. Can he hear this, and not his Fetters break?
Is love so pow'rful, or his soul so weak?
I'le fright her from it, Madam, though you see
The King is Kind, I hope your modesty
Will know, what distance to the Crown is due.
Alm. Distance and modesty prescrib'd by you?
Odm, Almeria dares not think such thoughts as these.
Alm. She dares both think and act what thoughts she please.
'Tis much below me on his Throne to sit;
But when I do, you shall petition it.

Odm.

Odm. If, Sir, *Almeria* does your bed partake,
I mourn for my forgotten mothers sake.
Mont. When Parents loves are ordered by a Son,
Let streams prescribe their fountains where to run.
Odm. In all I urge I keep my duty still,
Not rule your reason but instruct your will.
Mont. Small use of reason in that Prince is shown,
Who follows others, and neglects his own.

{ Almeria *to* Orbellan *and* Alibech, *who are this while whispering to her.*

Alm. No, he shall ever love, and always be
The subject of my scorn and cruelty.
Orb. To prove the lasting torment of his life,
You must not be his Mistress, but his Wife.
Few know what care, an Husbands peace destroys,
His real griefs, and his dissembled joys.
Alm. What mark of pleasing vengeance could be shown,
If I to break his quiet lose my own!
Orb. A Brothers life upon your love relies,
Since I do homage to *Cydaria's* eyes:
How can her Father to my hopes be kind,
If in your heart, he no example find?
Alm. To save your life I'le suffer any thing;
Yet I'le not flatter this tempestuous King;
But work his stubborn soul a nobler way,
And, if he love, I'le force him to obey.
I take this Garland, not as given by you, [to Montez.
But as my merit, and my beauties due.
As for the Crown that you, my slave, possess,
To share it with you would but make me less.

Enter Guyomar *hastily.*

Odm. My brother *Guyomar!* methinks I spie
Hast in his steps, and wonder in his eye.
Mont. I sent thee to the frontiers, quickly tell
The cause of thy return, are all things well?
Guy. I went, in order, Sir, to your command,
To view the utmost limits of the land:

To

To that Sea-shore where no more world is found,
But foaming billows breaking on the ground,
Where, for a while, my eyes no object met
But distant skies that in the Ocean set,
And low hung clouds that dipt themselves in rain
To shake their fleeces on the earth again.
At last, as far as I could cast my eyes
Upon the Sea, somewhat methought did rise
Like brewish mists, which still appearing more,
Took dreadful shapes, and slow'd towards the shore.

Mont. What forms did these new wonders represent?

Guy. More strange than what your wonder can invent.
The object I could first distinctly view
Was tall straight trees which on the waters flew,
Wings on their sides instead of leaves did grow
Which gather'd all the breath the winds could blow:
And at their roots grew floating Palaces,
Whose out-blow'd bellies out the yielding Seas.

Mont. What divine Monsters, O ye gods, were these
That float in air and flye upon the seas!
Came they alive or dead upon the shore?

Guy. Alas, they liv'd no sure, I heard them roar:
All turn'd their sides, and to each other spoke,
I saw their words break out in fire and smoke.
Sure 'tis their voice that thunders from on high,
Or these the younger brothers of the Skie.
Deaf with the noise I took my hasty flight,
No mortal courage can support the fright.

High Pr. Old Prophecies foretel our fall at hand,
When bearded men in floating Castles Land,
I fear it is of dire portent.

Mont. ---------- Go see
What it fore-shows, and what the Gods decree.
Mean time proceed we to what rites remain.
Odmar, of all this presence does contain,
Give her your wreath whom you esteem most fair.

Odm. Above the rest I judge one beauty rare,

And

And may that beauty prove as kind to me } *He gives* Alibech
As I am sure fair *Alibech* is fine. } *the wreath.*

Mont. You *Guyomar* must next perform your part.

Guy. I want a Garland, but I'le give a heart:
My brothers pardon I must first implore,
Since I with him fair *Alibech* adore.

Odm. That all should *Alibech* adore 'tis true,
But some respect is to my birth-right due.
My claim to her by Eldership I prove.

Guy. Age is a plea in Empire, not in Love.

Odm. I long have staid for this solemnity
To make my passion publick.

Guy.——— So have I.

Odm. But from her birth my soul has been her slave,
My heart receiv'd the first wounds which she gave:
I watcht the early glories of her Eyes,
As men for day-break watch the Eastern Skies.

Guy. It seems my soul then mov'd the quicker pace,
Yours first set out, mine reach'd her in the race.

Mont. Odmar, your choice I cannot disapprove;
Nor justly *Guyomar*, can blame your love.
To *Alibech* alone refer your suit,
And let her Sentence finish your dispute.

Alib. You think me Sir a Mistress quickly won,
So soon to finish what is scarce begun:
In this surprise should I a judgement make,
'Tis answering Riddles ere I'm well awake.
If you oblige me suddenly to chuse,
The choice is made, for I must both refuse,
For to my self I owe this due regard
Not to make love my gift, but my reward,
Time best will show whose services will last.

Odm. Then judge my future service by my past.
What I shall be by what I was, you know:
That love took deepest root which first did grow.

Guy. That love which first was set will first decay,
Mine of a fresher date will longer stay.

Odm. Still you forget my birth.

Guy.

Guy. But you, I see,
Take care ſtill to refreſh my memory.

Mont. My Sons, let your unſeemly diſcord ceaſe,
If not in friendſhip, live at leaſt in peace.
Orbellan, where you love beſtow your wreath.

Orb. My love I dare not, ev'n in whiſpers breath.

Mont. A vertuous Love may venture any thing.

Oob. Not to attempt the Daughter of my King.

Mont. Whither is all my former fury gone?
Once more I have *Traxalla's* chains put on,
And by his Children am in triumph led,
Too well the living have reveng'd the dead!

Alm. You think my brother born your enemy,
He's of *Traxalla's* blood, and ſo am I.

Mont. In vain I ſtrive,
My Lyon-heart is with Loves toils beſet,
Strugling I fall ſtill deeper in the net.
Cydaria your new lovers Garland take,
And uſe him kindly for your Fathers ſake.

Cyd. So ſtrong an hatred does my nature ſway,
That ſpight of duty, I muſt diſobey.
Beſides you warn'd me ſtill of loving two,
Can I love him already loving you?

Enter a Guard haſtily.

Mont. You look amaz'd as if ſome ſudden fear
Had ſeiz'd your hearts, is any danger near?

1 *Guard.* Behind the covert where this Temple ſtands,
Thick as the ſhades, there ſtand (warming bands
Of ambuſh'd men, whom, by their arms and dreſs,
To be *Traxallan* Enemies I gueſs.

2 *Guard.* The Temple, Sir, is almoſt compaſt round.

Mont. Some ſpeedy way for paſſage muſt be found.
Make to the City by the Poſtern Gate,
I'le either force my Victory, or Fate;
A glorious death in arms I'le rather prove,
Than ſtay to periſh tamely by my Love.

An

An Alarm within. Enter Montezuma, Odmar, Guyomar, Alibech, Orbellan, Cydaria, Almeria, *as purſued by* Taxallans.

Mont. No ſuccour from the Town?

Odm.------None, none is nigh.

Guy. We are incloſ'd and muſt reſolve to dye.

Mont. Fight for revenge now hope of life is paſt,
But one ſtroke more and that will be my laſt.

Enter Cortez, Vaſquez, Pizarro, *to the* Taxallans, Cortez *ſtays them, juſt falling on.*

Cort. Contemn'd? my orders broke even in my ſight! } *To his*
Did I not ſtrictly charge you ſhould not fight? } Indians

Indi. Your choler, General, does unjuſtly riſe,
To ſee your Friends purſue your Enemies;
The greateſt and moſt cruel foes we have
Are theſe whom you would ignorantly ſave,
By ambuſh'd men, behind their Temple laid,
We have the King of *Mexico* betray'd.

Cort. Where baniſh'd Vertue, wilt thou ſhew thy face
If treatment infects thy *Indian* race?
Diſmiſs your rage, and lay your weapons by:
Know I protect them, and they ſhall not dye.

Ind. O Wond'rous mercy ſhown to foes diſtreſt!

Cort. Call them not ſo, when once with odds oppreſt,
Nor are they foes my clemency defends,
Untill they have refus'd the name of Friends:
Draw up our *Spaniards* by themſelves, then fire [*To* Vaſq.
Our Guns on all who do not ſtraight retire.

Ind. O mercy, mercy, at thy feet we fall, [Ind. *kneeling.*
Before thy roaring gods deſtroy us all:
See we retreat without the leaſt reply, [*The* Taxallans *retire.*
Keep thy gods ſilent, if they ſpeak we dye.

Mont. The fierce *Taxallans* lay their weapons down,
Some miracle in our relief is ſhown.

Guy. Theſe bearded men, in ſhape and colour be
Like thoſe I ſaw come floating on the Sea. [Mont. *kneels* to Cort.

Mont. Patron of *Mexico* and god of Wars,
Son of the Sun, and brother of the Stars.

Cort. Great Monarch, your devotion you misplace.

Mont. Thy actions show thee born of Heavenly Race.
If then thou art that cruel god, whose eyes
Delight in Blood, and Humane Sacrifice,
Thy dreadful Altars I with Slaves will store,
And feed thy nostrils with hot reeking gore;
Or if that mild and gentle god thou be,
Who dost mankind below with pity see,
With breath of Incense I will glad thy heart;
But if like us, of mortal seed thou art,
Presents of choicest Fowls, and Fruits I'le bring,
And in my Realms thou shalt be more than King.

Cort. Monarch of Empires, and deserving more
Than the Sun sees upon your Western shore;
Like you a man, and hither led by fame,
Not by constraint but by my choice I came;
Ambassadour of Peace, if Peace you chuse,
Or Herauld of a War if you refuse.

Mont. Whence or from whom dost thou these offers bring?

Cort. From *Charles* the Fifth, the Worlds most potent King.

Mont. Some petty Prince, and one of little fame,
For to this hour I never heard his name:
The two great Empires of the World I know,
That of *Peru*, and this of *Mexico*;
And since the earth none larger does afford,
This *Charles* is some poor Tributary Lord.

Cort. You speak of that small part of earth you know,
But betwixt us and you wide Oceans flow,
And watry deserts of so vast extent,
That passing hither, four full Moons we spent.

Mont. But say, what news, what offers dost thou bring
From so remote, and so unknown a King?

While Vasq. *speaks*, Cort. *spies the Ladies and goes to them, entertaining* Cydaria *with Courtship in dumb show.*

Vasq. Spain's mighty Monarch, to whom Heaven thinks fit
That all the Nations of the Earth submit,
In gracious clemency, does condescend
On these conditions to become your Friend.

First,

First, that of him you ſhall your Scepter hold,
Next, you preſent him with your uſeleſs Gold,
Laſt, that you leave thoſe Idols you implore,
And one true Deity with him adore.

Mont. You ſpeak your Prince a mighty Emperour,
But his demands have ſpoke him Proud, and Poor;
He proudly at my free-born Scepter flies,
Yet poorly begs a metal I deſpiſe.
Gold thou may'ſt take, whatever thou canſt find,
Save what for ſacred uſes is deſign'd:
But, by what right pretends your King to be
The Soveraign Lord of all the World and me?

Piz. The Soveraign Prieſt, ——
Who repreſents on Earth the pow'r of Heaven,
Has this your Empire to our Monarch given.

Mont. Ill does he repreſent the Powers above,
Who nouriſhes debate not Preaches love;
Beſides, what greater folly can be ſhown?
He gives another what is not his own.

Vaſq. His pow'r muſt needs unqueſtion'd be below,
For he in Heaven an Empire can beſtow.

Mont. Empires in Heaven he with more eaſe may give,
And you perhaps would with leſs thanks receive;
But Heaven has need of no ſuch Vice-roy here,
It ſelf beſtows the Crowns that Monarchs wear.

Piz. You wrong his power as you miſtake our end,
Who came thus far Religion to extend.

Mont. He who Religion truly underſtands,
Knows its extent muſt be in Men, not Lands.

Odm. But who are thoſe that truth muſt propagate
Within the confines of my Fathers ſtate?

Vaſq. Religious Men, who hither muſt be ſent
As awful guides of Heavenly Government;
To teach you Penance, Faſts, and Abſtinence,
To puniſh Bodies for the Souls offence.

Mont. Cheaply you ſin, and puniſh crimes with eaſe,
Not as th' offended, but th' offenders pleaſe.

First injure Heaven, and when its wrath is dued,
Your selves prescribe it how to punish you!

Odm. What numbers of these Holy Men must come?

Piz. You shall not want, each Village shall have some;
Who, though the Royal Dignity they own,
Are equal to it, and depend on none.

Guy. Depend on none! you treat them sure in state,
For 'tis their plenty does their pride create.

Mont. Those ghostly Kings would parcel out my pow'r,
And all the fatness of my Land devour;
That Monarch sits not safely on his Throne,
Who bears, within, a power that shocks his own.
They teach obedience to Imperial sway,
But think it sin if they themselves obey.

Vasq. It seems then our Religion you accuse,
And peaceful homage to our King refuse.

Mont. Your gods I slight not, but will keep my own,
My Crown is absolute and holds of none;
I cannot in a base subjection live,
Nor suffer you to take, though I would give.

Cort. Is this your answer, Sir?

Mont. ——— This as a Prince,
Bound to my Peoples and my Crowns defence,
I must return, but, as a man by you
Redeem'd from death, all gratitude is due.

Cort. It was an act my Honour bound me to,
But what I did were I again to do,
I could not do it on my Honours score,
For Love would now oblige me to do more.
Is no way left that we may yet agree?
Must I have War, yet have no Enemie?

Vasq. He has refus'd all terms of Peace to take.

Mont. Since we must fight, hear Heavens, what prayers I make,
First, to preserve this Ancient State and me,
But if your doom the fall of both decree,
Grant only he who has such honour shown,
When I am dust, may fill my empty Throne.

Cort.

Cort. To make me happier than that wish can do,
Lies not in all your gods to grant, but you;
Let this fair Princess but one minute stay,
A look from her will your obligements pay.

{*Exeunt* Montezuma, Odmar, Guyomar, Orbellan, Almeria, *and* Alibech.

Mont. to *Cyd.* Your duty in your quick return be shown.
Stay you, and wait my Daughter to the Town. [*To his Guards.*

{Cydaria *is going, but turns and looks back upon* Cortez, *who is looking on her all this while.*

Cyd. My Father's gone and yet I cannot go,
Sure I have something lost or left behind! [*Aside.*

Cort. Like Travellers who wander in the Snow,
I on her beauty gaze till I am blind. [*Aside.*

Cyd. Thick breath, quick pulse, and heaving of my heart,
All signs of some unwonted change appear:
I find my self unwilling to depart,
And yet I know not why I would be here.
Stranger you raise such torments in my breast,
That when I go, if I must go again;
I'le tell my Father you have robb'd my rest,
And to him of your injuries complain.

Cort. Unknown, I swear, those wrongs were which I wrought,
But my complaints will much more just appear,
Who from another world my freedom brought,
And to your conquering Eyes have lost it here.

Cyd. Where is that other world from whence you came?

Cort. Beyond the Ocean, far from hence it lies.

Cyd. Your other world, I fear, is then the same
That souls must go to when the body dies.
But what's the cause that keeps you here with me?
That I may know what keeps me here with you?

Cort. Mine is a love which must perpetual be,
If you can be so just as I am true. *Enter* Orbellan.

Orb. Your Father wonders much at your delay.

Cyd. So great a wonder for so small a stay!

Orb. He has commanded you with me to go.

Cyd. Has he not sent to bring the stranger too?

Orb.

Orb. If he to morrow, dares in fight appear,
His high plac'd Love, perhaps may coſt him dear.

Cort. Dares---that word was never ſpoke to *Spaniard* yet,
But forfeited his Life who gave him it;
Haſt quickly with thy pledge of ſafety hence,
Thy guilt's protected by her innocence.

Cyd. Sure in ſome fatal hour my Love was born,
So ſoon o'recaſt with abſence in the morn!

Cort. Turn hence thoſe pointed glories of your Eyes,
For if more charms beneath thoſe Circles riſe,
So weak my Vertue, they ſo ſtrong appear,
I ſhall turn raviſher to keep you here. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *The Magicians Cave.*

Enter Montezuma, *High Prieſt.*

Mont. NOT that I fear the utmoſt Fate can do,
Come I th'event of doubtful War to know,
For Life and Death are things indifferent,
Each to be choſe as either brings content;
My motive from a Nobler cauſe does ſpring,
Love rule my heart, and is your Monarchs King;
I more deſire to know *Almeria*'s mind,
Than all that Heaven has for my ſtate deſign'd.

High Pr. By powerful Charms which nothing can withſtand,
I'le force the Gods to tell what you demand.

Charm,

Thou Moon, that aid'ſt us with thy Magick might,
And ye ſmall Stars, the ſcattered ſeeds of light,
Dart your pale beams into this gloomy place,
That the ſad powers of the Infernal race
May read above what's hid from Humane Eyes,
And in your walks, ſee Empires fall and riſe.

And

And ye Immortal Souls, who once were Men,
And now reſolv'd to Elements agen,
Who wait for Mortal frames in depths below,
And did before what we are doom'd to do;
Once, twice, and thrice, I wave my Sacred wand,
Aſcend, aſcend, aſcend at my command.

[*An earthy Spirit riſes.*

Spir. In vain, O mortal men, your Prayers implore
The aid of powers below, which want it more:
A God more ſtrong, who all the gods commands,
Drives us to exile from our Native Lands;
The Air ſwarms thick with wandring Deities,
Which drowſily like humming Beetles riſe
From our lov'd Earth, where peacefully we ſlept,
And far from Heaven a long poſſeſſion kept.
The frighted *Satyrs* that in Woods delight,
Now into Plains with prick'd up Ears take flight;
And ſcudding thence, while they their horn-feet ply
About their Syres the little *Silvans* cry.
A Nation loving Gold muſt rule this place,
Our Temples Ruine, and our Rites Deface:
To them, O King, is thy loſt Scepter given,
Now mourn thy fatal ſearch, for ſince wiſe Heaven
More ill than good to Mortals does diſpenſe,
It is not ſafe to have too quick a ſenſe.

[*Deſcends.*

Mont. Mourn they who think repining can remove
The firm decrees of thoſe who rule above;
The brave are ſafe within, who ſtill dare dye,
When e're I fall I'le ſcorn my deſtiny.
Doom as they pleaſe my Empire not to ſtand,
I'le graſp my Scepter with my dying hand.

High Pr. Thoſe Earthy Spirits black and envious are,
I'le call up other gods of form more fair:
Who Viſions dreſs in pleaſing colour ſtill,
Set all the good to ſhow, and hide the ill.
Kalib aſcend, my fair-ſpoke ſervant riſe,
And ſooth my Heart with pleaſing Prophecies.

Kalib

{*Kalib* aſcends all in White in ſhape of a Woman, and ſings.

Kalib. *I look'd and ſaw within the Book of Fate,*
Where many days did lowre,
When lo one happy hour
Leapt up, and ſmil'd to ſave thy ſinking State;
A day ſhall come when in thy power
Thy cruel Foes ſhall be;
Then ſhall thy Land be free,
And thou in peace ſhalt reign.
But take, O take that opportunity,
Which once refus'd will never come again. [*Deſcends*

Mont. I ſhall deſerve my Fate if I refuſe
That happy hour which Heaven allots to uſe;
But of my Crown thou too much care do'ſt take,
That which I value more, my Love's at ſtake.

High Pr. Ariſe ye ſubtle Spirits that can ſpy,
When Love is enter'd in a Females eye;
You that can read it in the midſt of doubt,
And in the midſt of frowns can find it out;
You that can ſearch thoſe many corner'd minds,
Where Womans crooked fancy turns, and winds;
You that can Love explore, and truth impart,
Where both lye deepeſt hid in Womans heart,
Ariſe---- {*The Ghoſts of* Traxalla *and* Acacis *ariſe, they ſtand ſtill and point at* Montez.

High Pr. I did not for theſe Ghaſtly Viſions ſend,
Their ſudden coming does ſome ill portend,
Begon,-----begon,-----they will not diſ-appear,
My Soul is ſeiz'd with an unuſual fear.

Mont. Point on, point on, and ſee whom you can fright,
Shame and Confuſion ſeize theſe ſhades of night;
Ye thin and empty forms, am I your ſport? [*They ſmile.*
If you were fleſh-----
You know you durſt not uſe me in this ſort.

{*The Ghoſt of the* Indian Queen *riſes betwixt the Ghoſts with a Dagger in her breaſt.*

Mont. Ha!

I feel

I feel my Hair grow ſtiff, my Eye-balls rowl,
This is the only form could ſhake my Soul.

Ghoſt. *The hopes of thy ſucceſleſs Love reſign,*
Know Montezuma *thou art only mine;*
For thoſe who here on Earth their paſſion ſhow,
By death for Love, receive their right below.
Why doſt thou then delay my longing Arms?
Have Cares, and Age, and Mortal life ſuch Charms?
The Moon grows ſickly at the ſight of day,
And early Cocks have ſummon'd me away:
Yet I'le appoint a meeting place below,
For there fierce winds o're duskie Vallies blow,
Whoſe every puff bears empty ſhades away,
Which guideleſs in thoſe dark Dominions ſtray.
Juſt at the entrance of the Fields below,
Thou ſhalt behold a tall black Poplar grow,
Safe in its hollow trunk I will attend, [*Deſcends.*
And ſeize thy Spirit when thou doſt deſcend.

Mont. I'le ſeize thee there, thou Meſſenger of Fate:
Would my ſhort Life had yet a ſhorter date!
I'm weary of this fleſh which holds us here,
And daſtards manly Souls with hope and fear;
Theſe heats and colds ſtill in our breaſts make War,
Agues and Feavers all our paſſions are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Cydaria *and* Alibech, *Betwixt the two Armies.*

Alib. Bleſſings will Crown your Name if you prevent
That Blood, which in this Battel will be ſpent;
Nor need you fear ſo juſt a ſute to move,
Which both becomes your duty and your Love.

Cyd. But think you he will come? their Camp is near,
And he already knows I wait him here.

Alib. You are too young your power to underſtand,
Lovers take wing upon the leaſt command;
Already he is here. *Enter* Cortez *and* Vaſquez *to them.*

Cort. Methinks like two black ſtorms on either hand,
Our *Spaniſh* Army and your *Indian* ſtand;
This only ſpace betwixt the Clouds is clear,
Where you, like day, broke looſe from both appear.

Cyd. Thoſe cloſing Skies might ſtill continue bright,
But who can help it if you'l make it night?
The Gods have given you power of Life and Death,
Like them to ſave or ruine with a breath.

Cort. That power they to your Father did diſpoſe,
'Twas in his choice to make us Friends or Foes.

Alib. Injurious ſtrength would rapine ſtill excuſe,
By off'ring terms the weaker muſt refuſe;
And ſuch as theſe your hard conditions are,
You threaten Peace, and you invite a War.

Cort. If for my ſelf to Conquer here I came,
You might perhaps my actions juſtly blame:
Now I am ſent, and am not to diſpute
My Princes orders, but to execute.

Alib. He who his Prince ſo blindly does obey,
To keep his Faith his Vertue throws away.

Cort. Monarchs may erre, but ſhould each private breſt
Judge their ill Acts, they would diſpute their beſt.

Cyd. Then all your care is for your Prince I ſee,
Your truth to him out-weighs your love to me;
You may ſo cruel to deny me prove,
But never after that pretend to Love.

Cort. Command my Life, and I will ſoon obey,
To ſave my Honour I my Blood will pay.

Cyd. What is this Honour which does Love controul?

Cort. A raging fit of Vertue in the Soul;
A painful burden which great minds muſt bear,
Obtain'd with danger, and poſſeſt with fear.

Cyd. Lay down that burden if it painfull grow,
You'l find, without it, Love will lighter go.

Cort. Honour once loſt is never to be found.

Alib. Perhaps he looks to have both paſſions crown'd.
Firſt dye his Honour in a Purple Flood,
Then Court the Daughter in the Father's Blood.

Cort.

Cort. The edge of War I'le from the Battel take,
And ſpare her Father's Subjects for her ſake.
Cyd. I cannot love you leſs when I'm refus'd,
But I can dye to be unkindly us'd;
Where ſhall a Maids diſtracted heart find reſt,
If ſhe can miſs it in her Lovers breſt?
Cort. I till to morrow will the fight delay,
Remember you have conquer'd me to day.
Alib. This grant deſtroys all you have urg'd before,
Honour could not give this, or can give more;
Our Women in the foremoſt ranks appear,
March to the Fight, and meet your Miſtreſs there:
Into the thickeſt Squadrons ſhe muſt run,
Kill her, and ſee what Honour will be won.
Cyd. I muſt be in the Battel, but I'le go
With empty Quiver, and unbended Bow;
Not draw an Arrow in this fatal ſtrife,
For fear its point ſhould reach your Noble life. [*Enter* Pizarro.
Cort. No more, your kindneſs wounds me to the death,
Honour be gon, what art thou but a breath?
I'le live, proud of my infamy and ſhame,
Grac'd with no Triumph but a Lovers name;
Men can but ſay Love did his reaſon blind,
And Love's the nobleſt frailty of the mind.
Draw off my Men, The War's already done.
Piz. Your orders come too late, the Fight's begun,
The Enemy gives on with fury led,
And fierce *Orbellan* combats in their head.
Cort. He juſtly fears a Peace with me would prove
Of ill concernment to his haughty Love;
Retire, fair Excellence, I go to meet
New Honour, but to lay it at your feet.
[*Exeunt* Cortez, Vaſquez, Pizarro.

Enter Odmar *and* Guyomar *to* Alibech *and* Cydaria.

Odm. Now, Madam, ſince a danger does appear
Worthy my Courage, though below my Fear,

Give leave to him who may in Battel dye,
Before his Death to ask his deſtiny.

Guy. He cannot Dye whom you command to Live,
Before the Fight you can the Conqueſt give;
Speak where you'l place it?

Alib.----------Briefly then to both,
One I in ſecret love, the other loath;
But where I hate, my hate I will not ſhow,
And he I love, my Love ſhall never know;
True worth ſhall gain me, that it may be ſed,
Deſert, not fancy, once a Woman led.
He who in fight his courage ſhall oppoſe
With moſt ſucceſs againſt his Countries Foes,
From me ſhall all that recompence receive
That Valour merits, or that Love can give:
'Tis true my hopes and fears are all for one,
But hopes and fears are to my ſelf alone.
Let him not ſhun the danger of the ſtrife,
I but his Love, his Country claims his Life.

Odm. All Obſtacles my Courage ſhall remove.

Guy. Fall on, fall on.

Odm.----------For Liberty.

Guy.----------For Love. [*Exeunt, the Women following.*

SCENE *Changes to the* Indian *Country.*

Enter Montezuma *attended by the* Indians.

Mont. Charge, charge, their ground the faint *Taxallans* yield,
Bold in cloſe Ambuſh, baſe in open Field:
The envious Devil did my Fortune wrong:
Thus Fought, thus Conquer'd I when I was young. [*Exit.*

Alarm, Enter Cortez *Bloody.*

Cort. Furies purſue theſe falſe *Taxallans* Flight,
Dare they be Friends to us and dare not Fight?
What Friends can Cowards be, what hopes appear
Of help from ſuch, who where they hate ſhow fear!

Enter Pizarro, Vaſquez.

Piz. The Field grows thin, and thoſe that now remain,
Appear but like the ſhadows of the Slain. *Vaſq.*

Vasq. The fierce old King is vanish'd from the place,
And in a cloud of dust pursues the Chase.
Cort. Their eager Chase disorder'd does appear,
Command our Horse to charge them in the rear; *To* Piz.
You to our old *Castillian* Foot retire, *To* Vasq.
Who yet stand firm, and at their backs give Fire.
[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter Odmar *and* Guyomar *meeting each other in the Battel.*

Odm. Where hast thou been since first the Fight began,
Thou less than Woman in the shape of Man?
Guy. Where I have done what may thy Envy move,
Things worthy of my Birth, and of my Love.
Odm. Two bold *Taxallans* with one dart I slew,
And left it sticking e're my Sword I drew.
Guy. I sought not honour on so base a Train,
Such Cowards by our Women may be Slain;
I fell'd along a Man of bearded face,
His Limbs all cover'd with a Shining case:
So wondrous hard, and so secure of wound,
It made my Sword, though edg'd with Flint, rebound.
Odm. I kill'd a double Man, the one half lay
Upon the ground, the other ran away. [*Guns go off within.*

Enter Montezuma *out of breath, with him* Alibech *and an* Indian.

Mont. All's lost------
Our Foes with Lightning and with Thunder Fight,
My Men in vain shun death by shameful Flight;
For Deaths Invisible come wing'd with Fire,
They hear a dreadful noise and straight expire.
Take, gods, that Soul ye did in spight create,
And made it great to be unfortunate:
Ill Fate for me unjustly you provide,
Great Souls are Sparks of your own Heavenly Pride:
That lust of power we from your god-heads have,
You'r bound to please those Appetites you gave.

Enter Vasquez *and* Pizarro *with* Spaniards.

Vasq. Pizarro, I have hunted hard to day
Into our toyls the noblest of the prey;

Seize

Seize on the King, and him your Prisoner make,
While I in kind revenge my taker take.

{Pizarro *with two goes to attaque the King*, Vasquez, *with another to seize* Alibech.

Guy. Their danger is alike, whom shall I free?

Odm. I'le follow Love.

Guy......I'le follow Piety.

{Odmar *retreats from* Vasquez *with* Alibech *off the stage*, Guyomar *Fights for his Father.*

Guy. Fly, Sir, while I give back that life you gave,
Mine is well lost, if I your life can save.

{Montezuma *Fights off*, Guyomar *making his retreat, stays.*

Guy. 'Tis more than Man can do to scape them all,
Stay, let me see where noblest I may fall.

[*He runs at* Vasquez, *is seiz'd behind and taken.*

Vasq. Conduct him off,
And give command he strictly guarded be.

Guy. In vain are guards, Death sets the Valiant free.

[*Exit* Guyomar *with Guards.*

Vasq. A Glorious day! and bravely was it Fought,
Great fame our General in great dangers sought;
From his strong Arm I saw his Rival run,
And in a Croud th'unequal Combat shun.

Enter Cortez *leading* Cydaria, *who seems crying, and begging of him.*

Cort. Mans forces is fruitless, and your gods would fail
To save the City, but your Tears prevail;
I'le of my Fortune no advantage make,
Those Terms they had once giv'n, they still may take.

Cyd. Heaven has of right all Victory design'd,
Where boundless power dwells in a will confin'd;
Your *Spanish* Honour does the World excel.

Cort. Our greatest Honour is in loving well.

Cyd. Strange ways you practise there to win a Heart,
Here Love is Nature, but with you 'tis Art.

Cort. Love is with us, as Natural as here,
But fetter'd up with customs more severe.

In

In tedious Courtſhip we declare our pain,
And ere we kindneſs find, firſt meet diſdain.

Cyd. If Women love, they needleſs pains endure,
Their Pride and Folly but delay their Cure.

Cort. What you miſ-call their Folly, is their care,
They know how fickle common Lovers are:
Their Oaths and Vows are cautiouſly believ'd,
For few there are but have been once deceiv'd.

Cyd. But if they are not truſted when they vow,
What other marks of paſſion can they ſhow?

Cort. With Feaſts, and Muſick, all that brings delight,
Men treat their Ears, their Palates, and their Sight.

Cyd. Your Gallants ſure have little Eloquence,
Failing to move the Soul, they court the Sence:
With pomp, and Trains, and in a crowd they Wooe,
When true Felicity is but in two;
But can ſuch Toys your Womens paſſion move?
This is but noiſe and tumult, 'tis not Love.

Cort. I have no reaſon, Madam, to excuſe
Thoſe ways of Gallantry I did not uſe;
My Love was true and on a nobler ſcore.

Cyd. Your Love! Alas! then have you lov'd before!

Cort. 'Tis true I lov'd, but ſhe is Dead, ſhe's Dead,
And I ſhould think with her all Beauty Fled,
Did not her fair reſemblance live in you,
And by that Image, my firſt Flames renew.

Cyd. Ah happy Beauty whoſoe're thou art!
Though dead thou keep'ſt poſſeſſion of his Heart;
Thou mak'ſt me jealous to the laſt degree,
And art my Rival in his Memory;
Within his Memory, ah, more than ſo,
Thou Liv'ſt and Triumph'ſt o're *Cydaria* too.

Cort. What ſtrange diſquiet has uncalm'd your breſt,
Inhumane fair, to rob the dead of reſt!
Poor Heart! She ſlumbers in her ſilent Tomb,
Let her poſſeſs in Peace that narrow Room.

Cyd.

Cyd. Poor heart he pities and bewails her death,
Some god, much hated soul, restore thy breath
That I may kill thee, but some ease 'twill be,
I'le kill my self for but resembling thee.

Cort. I dread your anger, your disquiet fear,
But blows from hands so soft who would not bear?
So kind a passion why should I remove?
Since jealousie but shows how well we Love,
Yet jealousie so strange I never knew,
Can she who Loves me not disquiet you?
For in the Grave no Passions fill the Brest,
'Tis all we gain by Death to be at rest.

Cyd. That she no longer Loves brings no relief,
Your Love to her still lives, and that's my grief.

Cort. The object of desire once ta'ne away,
'Tis then not Love but pity which we pay.

Cyd. 'Tis such a pity I should never have,
When I must lye forgotten in the Grave;
I meant to have oblig'd you when I dy'd,
That after me you should Love none beside,
But you are false already.

Cort. ——— If untrue,
By Heaven my falshood is to her, not you.

Cyd. Observe sweet Heaven how falsly he does swear,
You said you lov'd me for resembling her.

Cort. That Love was in me by resemblance bred,
But shows you chear'd my sorrows for the Dead.

Cyd. You still repeat the greatness of your grief.

Cort. If that was great, how great was the relief?

Cyd. The first Love still the strongest we account.

Cort. That seems more strong which could the first surmount:
But if you still continue thus unkind,
Whom I Love best, you by my death shall find.

Cyd. If you should dye, my Death should yours pursue,
But yet I am not satisfied you're true.

Cort. Hear me, ye gods, and punish him you hear,
If ought within the World I hold so dear.

Cyd. You would deceive the gods and me, she's dead,
And is not in the World, whose Love I dread.

Name

Name not the world, ſay nothing is ſo dear.

Cort. Then nothing is, let that ſecure your fear.

Cyd. 'Tis Time muſt wear it off, but I muſt go.
Can you your conſtancy in abſence ſhow?

Cort. Miſ-doubt my conſtancy and do not try,
But ſtay and keep me ever in your eye.

Cyd. If as a Priſoner I were here, you might
Have then inſiſted on a Conqu'rous right,
And ſtay'd me here; but now my Love would be
Th'effect of force, and I would give it free.

Cort. To doubt your Vertue or your Love were ſin!
Call for the Captive Prince and bring him in.

Enter Guyomar *bound and ſad:*

You look, Sir, as your Fate you could not bear. [*To* Guyomar.
Are *Spaniſh* Fetters then ſo hard to wear?
Fortune's unjuſt, ſhe ruines oft the Brave,
And him who ſhould be Victor, makes the Slave.

Guy. Son of the Sun, my Fetters cannot be
But Glorious for me, ſince put on by thee;
The ills of Love, not thoſe of Fate I fear,
Theſe I can brave, but thoſe I cannot bear;
My Rival Brother, while I'm held in Chains,
In freedom reaps the fruit of all my Pains.

Cort. Let it be never ſaid, that he whoſe breſt
Is fill'd with Love, ſhould break a Lovers reſt;
Haſte, loſe no time, your Siſter ſets you Free.
And tell the King, my Generous Enemy,
I offer ſtill thoſe terms he had before,
Only ask leave his Daughter to adore.

Guy. Brother, (that name my breſt ſhall ever own,) (*He embraces him.*
The name of Foe be but in Battels known;)
For ſome few days all Hoſtile Acts forbear,
That if the King conſents, it ſeem not fear:
His Heart is Noble, and great Souls muſt be
Moſt ſought and Courted in Adverſity.
Three days I hope the wiſht ſucceſs will tell.

Cyd. Till that long time——

Cort. ——Till that long time, farewel. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *Chamber Royal.*

Enter Odmar *and* Alibech.

Odm. THE gods, fair *Alibech*, had ſo decreed,
Nor could my Valour againſt Fate ſucceed;
Yet though our Army brought not Conqueſt home,
I did not from the fight inglorious come:
If as a Victor you the brave regard,
Succeſſeſs Courage then may hope reward:
And I returning ſafe, may juſtly boaſt
To win the prize which my dead Brother loſt. { *Enter* Guyomer *behind him.*

Guy. No, no, thy Brother lives, and lives to be
A Witneſs, both againſt himſelf and thee;
Though both in ſafety are return'd agen,
I bluſh to ask her Love for Vanquiſht Men.

Odm. Brother I'le not diſpute, but you are brave,
Yet I was free, and you it ſeems a Slave.

Guy. *Odmar*, 'tis true, that I was Captive led
As publickly is known, as that you fled;
But of two ſhames if ſhe muſt one partake,
I think the choice will not be hard to make.

Odm. Freedom and Bondage in her choice remain,
Dar'ſt thou expect ſhe will put on thy Chain?

Guy. No, no, fair *Alibech*, give him the Crown,
My Brother is return'd with high Renown.
He thinks by Flight his Miſtreſs muſt be won,
And claims the prize becauſe he beſt did run.

Alib. Your Chains were glorious, and your Flight was wiſe,
But neither have o'recome your Enemies:
My ſecret wiſhes would my choice decide,
But open Juſtice bends to neither ſide.

Odm. Juſtice already does my right approve,
If him who loves you moſt, you moſt ſhould love.

My

My Brother Poorly from your aid withdrew,
But I my Father left to succour you.

Guy. Her Country she did to her self prefer,
Him who fought best, not who defended her;
Since she her interest for the Nations wav'd,
Then I who sav'd the King, the Nation sav'd;
You aiding her, your Country did betray,
I aiding him, did her commands obey.

Odm. Name it no more, in Love there is a time
When dull obedience is the greatest Crime;
She to her Countries use resign'd your Sword,
And you kind Lover, took her at her word;
You did your Duty to your Love prefer,
Seek your reward from Duty, not from her.

Guy. In acting what my Duty did require,
'Twas hard for me to quit my own desire,
That fought for her which when I did subdue,
'Twas much the easier task I left for you.

Alib. Odmar a more than common Love has shown,
And *Guyomar*'s was greater, or was none;
Which I should chuse some god direct my breast,
The certain good, or the uncertain best:
I cannot chuse, you both dispute in vain,
Time and your future Acts must make it plain;
First raise the Siege, and set your Country free,
I not the judge but the reward will be.

To them, Enter Montezuma *talking with* Almeria *and* Orbellan.

Mont. Madam, I think with reason I extol
The Vertue of the *Spanish* General;
When all the gods our Ruine have fore-told,
Yet generously he does his Arms with-hold,
And offering Peace the first conditions make.

Alm. When Peace is offer'd 'tis too late to take;
For one poor loss to stoop to terms like those,
Were we o'recome what could they worse impose?
Go, go, with homage your proud Victors meet,
Go lye like Dogs beneath your Masters feet,

Go and beget them Slaves to dig their Mines,
And groan for Gold which now in Temples shines;
Your shameful story shall record of me,
The men all crouch'd, and left a woman free.

Guy. Had I not Fought or durst not Fight again,
I my suspected Counsel should refrain:
For I wish Peace, and any terms prefer
Before the last extremities of War.
We but exasp'rate those we cannot harm,
And Fighting gains us but to dye more warm:
If that be Cowardise, which dares not see
The insolent effects of Victory,
The rape of Matrons, and their Childrens cries;
Then I am fearful, let the Brave advise.

Odm. Keen cutting Swords, and Engines killing far,
Have prosperously begun a doubtful War:
But now our Foes with less advantage Fight,
Their strength decreases with our *Indians* Fright.

Mont. This Noble Vote does with my wish comply,
I am for War.

Alm.----------And so am I.

Orb.----------And I.

Mont. Then send to break the truce, and I'le take care
To chear the Souldiers and for Fight prepare.

Exeunt Montezuma, Odmar, Guyomar, Alibech.

Alm. to Orb. 'Tis now the hour which all to rest allow, [*Almeria*
And sleep sits heavy upon every brow; [*stays* Orbellan.
In this dark silence softly leave the Town, } Guyomar *returns*
And to the Generals Tent, 'tis quickly known, } *and hears them.*
Direct your steps: you may dispatch him strait,
Drown'd in his sleep, and easie for his Fate:
Besides, the truce will make the Guards more slack.

Orb. Courage which leads me on will bring me back:
But I more fear the baseness of the thing:
Remorse, you know, bears a perpetual sting.

Alm. For mean remorse no room the Valiant finds,
Repentance is the Vertue of weak minds;
For want of judgment, keeps them doubtful still,
They may repent of good who can of ill;

But

But daring Courage makes ill actions good,
'Tis fooliſh pity ſpares a Rivals blood;
You ſhall about it ſtraight,------ [*Exeunt* Almeria, Orbellan.
Guy.----------Would they betray
His ſleeping Vertue, by ſo mean a way!
And yet this *Spaniard* is our Nations Foe,
I wiſh him dead------but cannot wiſh it ſo;
Either my Country never muſt be freed,
Or I conſenting to ſo black a deed.
Would Chance had never led my ſteps this way,
Now if he dyes I murther him, not they;
Something muſt be reſolv'd e're 'tis too late,
He gave me freedom, I'le prevent his Fate. *Exit* Guyomar.

SCENE II. *A Camp.*

Enter Cortez *alone in a Night-gown.*

Cort. All things are huſh'd, as Natures ſelf lay dead,
The Mountains ſeem to nod their drowſie head;
The little Birds in dreams their Songs repeat,
And ſleeping Flowers, beneath the night-dew ſweat;
Ev'n Luſt and Envy ſleep, yet Love denies
Reſt to my Soul, and ſlumber to my Eyes.
Three days I promis'd to attend my Doom,
And too long days and nights are yet to come:
'Tis ſure the noiſe of ſome Tumultuous Fight, *Noiſe within.*
They break the truce, and ſally out by Night.
Enter Orbellan *flying in the dark, his Sword drawn.*
Orb. Betray'd! purſu'd! Oh whither ſhall I flye?
See, ſee, the juſt reward of Treachery;
I'm ſure among the Tents, but know not where,
Even night wants darkneſs to ſecure my fear.
Comes near Cortez *who hears him.*
Cort. Stand, who goes there?
Orb.----------Alas, what ſhall I ſay! [*Aſide.*
A poor *Taxallan* that miſtook his way, [*To him.*
And wanders in the terrours of the night.

Cort.

Cort. Souldier thou seem'st afraid, whence comes thy fright?
Orb. The insolence of *Spaniards* caus'd my fear,
Who in the dark pursu'd me entring here.
Cort. Their Crimes shall meet immediate punishment,
But stay thou safe within the Generals Tent.
Orb. Still worse and worse.
Cort......Fear not but follow me,
Upon my Life I'le set thee safe and free.

Cortez *leads him in, and returns.*

To him Vasquez, Pizarro *and* Spaniards *with Torches.*

Vasq. O Sir, thank Heaven, and your brave *Indian* Friend
That you are safe, *Orbellan* did intend
This night to kill you sleeping in your Tent:
But *Guyomar*, his trusty slave has sent,
Who following close his silent steps by night
Till in our Camp they both approach'd the light,
Cry'd seize the Traytor, seize the Murtherer:
The cruel Villain fled I know not where,
But far he is not, for he this way bent.
Piz. Th'inrag'd Souldiers seek, from Tent to Tent,
With lighted Torches, and in Love to you,
With bloody Vows his hated life pursue.
Vasq. This Messenger does since he came relate,
That the old King, after a long debate,
By his imperious Mistress blindly led,
Has given *Cydaria* to *Orbellan*'s Bed.
Cort. Vasquez, the trusty Slave with you retain,
Retire a while, I'le call you back again. [*Exeunt* Vasquez, Pizarro.

Cortez *at his Tent door.*

Cort. Indian come forth, your Enemies are gone,
And I who sav'd you from them, here alone;
You hide your Face, as you were still afraid,
Dare you not look on him who gave you aid?

Enter Orbellan *holding his Face aside.*

Orb. Moon slip behind some Cloud, some Tempest rise
And blow out all the Stars that light the Skies,
To shrowd my shame.

Cort.

Cort.——In vain you turn aside,
And hide your Face, your Name you cannot hide;
I know my Rival and his black design.
Orb. Forgive it as my passions fault, not mine.
Cort. In your excuse your Love does little say,
You might howe're have took a fairer way.
Orb. 'Tis true my passion small defence can make,
Yet you must spare me for your Honours sake;
That was engag'd to set me safe and free.
Cort. 'Twas to a stranger, not an Enemy:
Nor is it prudence to prolong thy breath,
When all my Hopes depend upon thy death——
——Yet none shall tax me with base perjury,
Something I'le do, both for my self and thee;
With vow'd revenge my Souldiers search each Tent,
If thou art seen none can thy death prevent;
Follow my steps with silence and with haste.

They go out, the Scene changes to the Indian *Country, they return.*

Cort. Now you are safe, you have my out-guards past.
Orb. Then here I take my leave.
Cort.—— ——*Orbellan*, no,
When you return, you to *Cydaria* go,
I'le send a Message.
Orb.——Let it be expreſt,
I am in haste.
Cort.——I'le write it in your breſt——*Draws.*
Orb. What means my Rival?
Cort.——Either Fight or Dye,
I'le not strain Honour to a point too high;
I sav'd your life, now keep it if you can,
Cydaria shall be for the bravest Man;
On equal terms you shall your Fortune try,
Take this and lay your flint-edg'd weapon by; *Gives him a Sword.*
I'le arm you for my Glory, and pursue
No Palm, but what's to manly Vertue due.
Fame with my Conqueſt, shall my Courage tell,
This you shall gain by placing Love so well.

Orb.

Orb. Fighting with you ungrateful I appear.

Cort. Under that ſhadow thou wouldſt hide thy fear:
Thou wouldſt poſſeſs thy Love at thy return,
And in her Arms my eaſie Vertue ſcorn.

Orb. Since we muſt Fight, no longer let's delay,
The Moon ſhines clear, and makes a paler day.

They Fight, Orbellan *is wounded in the Hand, his Sword falls out of it.*

Cort. To Courage, even of Foes, there's pity due,
It was not I, but Fortune vanquiſh'd you; { *Throws his*
Thank me with that, and ſo diſpute the prize, { *Sword again.*
As if you Fought before *Cydaria*'s eyes.

Orb. I would not poorly ſuch a gift requite,
You gave me not this Sword to yield, but Fight;
But ſee where yours has forc'd its bloody way, { *He ſtrives to hold*
My wounded Hand my Heart does ill obey. { *it, but cannot.*

Cort. Unlucky Honour that controul'ſt my will!
Why have I vanquiſht ſince I muſt not Kill?
Fate ſees thy Life lodg'd in a brittle Glaſs,
And looks it through, but to it cannot paſs.

Orb. All I can do is frankly to confeſs,
I wiſh I could, but cannot love her leſs;
To ſwear I would reſign her were but vain,
Love would recall that perjur'd breath again;
And in my wretched caſe 'twill be more juſt
Not to have promis'd, than deceive your truſt.
Know, if I live once more to ſee the Town,
In bright *Cydaria*'s Arms my Love I'le crown.

Cort. In ſpight of that I give thee Liberty,
And with thy perſon leave thy Honour free,
But to thy wiſhes move a ſpeedy pace,
Or death will ſoon o'retake thee in the Chaſe.
To Arms, to Arms, Fate ſhows my Love the way,
I'le force the City on thy Nuptial day. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE

SCENE III. *Mexit.*

Enter Montezuma, Odmar, Guyomar, Almeria.

Mont. It moves my wonder that in two days ſpace,
This early Famine ſpreads ſo ſwift a pace.
Odm. 'Tis, Sir, the general cry, nor ſeems it ſtrange,
The face of plenty ſhould ſo ſwiftly change;
This City never felt a Siege before,
But from the Lake receiv'd its daily ſtore,
Which now ſhut up, and Millions crowded here,
Famine will ſoon in multitudes appear.
Mont. The more the number, ſtill the greater ſhame.
Alm. What if ſome one ſhould ſeek immortal Fame
By ending of the Siege at one brave blow?
Mont. That were too happy!
Alm. ——— but yet it may be ſo,
What if the *Spaniſh* General ſhould be ſlain?
Guy. Juſt Heaven I hope does other ways ordain. [*Aſide.*
Mont. If ſlain by Treaſon, I lament his death.

Enter Orbellan *and whiſpers his Siſter.*

Odm. Orbellan ſeems in haſt and out of breath.
Mont. Orbellan welcome, you are early hear,
A Bridegrooms haſt does in your looks appear.

Almeria *Aſide to her Brother.*

Alm. Betray'd! no, 'twas thy Cowardiſe, and Fear,
He had not ſcap'd with Life had I been there;
But ſince ſo ill you act a brave deſign,
Keep cloſe your ſhame, Fate makes the next turn mine.

Enter Alibech, Cydaria.

Alib. O Sir, if ever pity touch'd your breſt,
Let it be now to your own blood expreſt:
In tears your beauteous Daughter drowns her ſight,
Silent as dews that fall in dead of night.
Cyd. To your commands I ſtrict obedience owe,
And my laſt Act of it I come to ſhow;
I want the Heart to dye before your Eyes,
But Grief will finiſh that which fear denies.

Alm. Your will should by your Fathers precept move.
Cyd. When he was young he taught me truth in Love.
Alm. He found more Love than he deserv'd, 'tis true,
And that it seems is lucky too to you;
Your Fathers Folly took a head-strong course,
But I'le rule yours, and teach you Love by force.

Enter Messenger.

Arm, Arm, O King, the Enemy comes on,
A sharp assault already is begun;
Their Murdering Guns play fiercely on the Walls.
Odm. Now Rival, let us run where honour calls.
Guy. I have discharg'd what gratitude did owe,
And the brave *Spaniard* is again my Foe. [*Exeunt* Odmar *and*
Mont. Our walls are high, and multitudes defend: [Guyomar.
Their vain attempt must in their ruine end;
The Nuptials with my presence shall be grac'd.
Alib. At least but stay till the assault be past.
Alm. Sister, in vain you urge him to delay,
The King has promis'd, and he shall obey.

Enter Second Messenger.

From several parts the Enemy's repell'd,
One only quarter to th'assault does yield.

Enter Third Messenger.

Some Foes are enter'd, but they are so few,
They only Death, not Victory pursue.
Orb. Hark, hark, they shout!
From Vertues rules I do too meanly swerve,
I by my Courage will your Love deserve.
Mont. Here in the heart of all the Town I'le stay:
And timely succour where it wants convey.

A Noise within. Enter Orbellan, Indians *driven in*, Cortez *after them, and one or two* Spaniards.

Cort. He's found, he's found, degenerate Coward, stay:
Night sav'd thee once, thou shalt not scape by day. [*Kills* Orbellan.
Orb.——O I am Kill'd——*Dyes.*

Enter Guyomar *and* Odmar.

Guy. Yield Generous Stranger and preserve your life, { *He is beset.*
Why chuse you death in this unequal strife?

Almeria

Almeria and Alibech fall on Orbellans body.

Cort. What nobler Fate could any Lover meet,
I fall revenged, and at my Mistress feet?

They fall on him and bear him down, Guyomar *takes his Sword.*

Alib. He's past recovery; my Dear Brother's slain:
Fates hand was in it, and my care is vain.

Alm. In weak complaints you vainly waste your breath:
They are not Tears that can revenge his Death,
Dispatch the Villain straight.

Cort.——The Villain's dead.

Alm. Give me a Sword and let me take his Head.

Mont. Though, Madam, for your Brothers loss I grieve,
Yet let me beg,——

Alm.——His Murderer may live?

Cyd. 'Twas his Misfortune, and the chance of War.

Cort. It was my purpose, and I kill'd him fair;
How could you so unjust and cruel prove
To call that Chance which was the Act of Love?

Cyd. I call'd it any thing to save your Life:
Would he were living still and I his Wife;
That wish was once my greatest misery:
But 'tis a greater to behold you dye.

Alm. Either command his Death upon the place,
Or never more behold *Almeria*'s face.

Guy. You by his Valour, once from Death were freed:
Can you forget so generous a deed? [*To Montezuma.*

Mont. How Gratitude and Love divide my breast!
Both ways alike my Soul is robb'd of rest.
But——let him Dye——can I his Sentence give?
Ungrateful, must he Dye by whom I Live?
But can I then *Almeria's* Tears deny!
Should any Live whom she commands to Dye?

Guy. Approach who dares: he yielded on my word;
And as my Pris'ner, I restore his Sword; [*Gives his Sword.*
His Life concerns the safety of the State,
And I'le preserve it for a Calm debate.

Mont. Dar'ſt thou Rebel, falſe and degenerate Boy?
That Being which I gave, I thus deſtroy!
Offers to kill him, Odmar *ſteps between.*

Odm. My Brothers blood I cannot ſee you ſpill,
Since he prevents you but from doing ill:
He is my Rival, but his Death would be
For him too glorious, and too baſe for me.

Guy. Thou ſhalt not Conquer in this noble ſtrife;
Alas, I meant not to defend my Life:
Strike, Sir, you never pierc'd a Breaſt more true;
'Tis the laſt Wound I e're can take for you.
You ſee I live but to diſpute your will;
Kill me, and then you may my Priſ'ner kill.

Cort. You ſhall not, Gen'rous Youths, contend for me:
It is enough that I your Honour ſee,
But that your Duty may no blemiſh take,
I will my ſelf your Fathers Captive make;
When he dares ſtrike I am prepar'd to fall: *Gives his Sword*
The *Spaniards* will revenge their General. *to* Montezuma.

Cyd. Ah you too haſtily your Life reſign,
You more would love it if you valued mine!

Cort. Diſpatch me quickly, I my Death forgive,
I ſhall grow tender elſe, and wiſh to Live;
Such an infectious Face her ſorrow wears,
I can bear Death, but not *Cydaria*'s Tears.

Alm. Make haſte, make haſte, they merit Death all three:
They for Rebellion, and for Murder he.
See, ſee, my Brothers Ghoſt hangs hovering there,
O're his warm Blood, that ſteems into the Air,
Revenge, revenge it cries.

Mont. ——— And it ſhall have;
But two days reſpite for his Life I crave:
If in that ſpace you not more gentle prove,
I'le give a Fatal proof how well I love.
'Till when you *Guyomar*, your Priſ'ner take;
Beſtow him in the Caſtle on the Lake:
In that ſmall time I ſhall the Conqueſt gain
Of theſe few Sparks of Vertue which remain;

Then

Then all who ſhall my head-long paſſion ſee,
Shall curſe my Crimes and yet ſhall pity me. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT IV.

SCENE *A Priſon.*

Enter Almeria *and an* Indian, *they ſpeak entring.*

Ind. A Dangerous proof of my reſpect I ſhow.
Alm. Fear not, Prince *Guyomar* ſhall never know:
While he is abſent let us not delay,
Remember'tis the King thou doſt obey.
Ind. See where he ſleeps.
[Cortez *appears Chain'd and laid aſleep.*
Alm. ——— Without my coming wait:
And on thy Life ſecure the Priſon Gate.— [*Exit* Indian.
[*She plucks out a Dagger and appproaches him.*
Spaniard awake: thy fatal hour is come:
Thou ſhalt not at ſuch eaſe receive thy Doom.
Revenge is ſure, though ſometimes ſlowly pac'd,
Awake, awake, or ſleeping ſleep thy laſt.
Cort. Who names Revenge?
Alm.—Look up and thou ſhalt ſee.
Cort. I cannot fear ſo fair an Enemy.
Alm. No aid is nigh, nor canſt thou make defence:
Whence can thy Courage come?
Cort. ——— From Innocence.
Alm. From Innocence? let that then take thy part,
Still are thy looks aſſur'd,—have at thy Heart:
[*Holds up the Dagger.*
I cannot kill thee; ſure thou bear'ſt ſome Charm, [*Goes back.*
Or ſome Divinity holds back my Arm.
Why do I thus delay to make him Bleed, [*Aſide.*
Can I want Courage for ſo brave a deed?
I've ſhook it off; my Soul is free from fear, [*Comes again.*
And I can now ſtrike any where,—but here:

His

His ſcorn of Death how ſtrangely does it move!
A mind ſo haughty who could chuſe but love! [*Goes off.*
Plead not a Charm, or any Gods command,
Alas, it is thy heart that holds thy hand:
In ſpight of me I love, and ſee too late
My Mothers Pride muſt find my Mothers Fate.
----Thy Country's Foe, thy Brother's Murtherer,
For ſhame, *Almeria*, ſuch mad thoughts forbear:
It w'onnot be if I once more come on, [*coming on again.*
I ſhall miſtake the Breaſt, and pierce my own.
[*Comes with her Dagger down.*

Cort. Does your revenge maliciouſly forbear
To give me Death, till 'tis prepar'd by Fear?
If you delay for that, forbear or ſtrike,
Fore-ſeen and ſudden death are both alike.

Alm. To ſhow my love would but increaſe his Pride:
They have moſt power who moſt their paſſions hide. [*Aſide.*
Spaniard, I muſt confeſs I did expect
You could not meet your death with ſuch neglect;
I will defer it now, and give you time:
You may Repent, and I forget your Crime.

Cort. Thoſe who repent acknowledge they did ill:
I did not unprovok'd your Brother kill.

Alm. Petition me, perhaps I may forgive.

Cort. Who begs his Life does not deſerve to live.

Alm. But if 'tis given you'l not refuſe to take?

Cort. I can live gladly for *Cydaria*'s ſake.

Alm. Does ſhe ſo wholly then poſſeſs your mind?
What if you ſhould another Lady find,
Equal to her in birth, and far above
In all that can attract, or keep your Love,
Would you ſo doat upon your firſt deſire
As not to entertain a nobler Fire?

Cort. I think that perſon hardly will be found,
With gracious form and equal Vertue Crown'd:
Yet if another could precedence claim,
My fixt deſires could find no fairer Aim.

Alm.

Alm. Dull ignorance, he cannot yet conceive:
To ſpeak more plain ſhame will not give me leave. [*Aſide.*
——Suppoſe one lov'd you whom even Kings adore: [*To him.*
Who with your Life, your Freedom would reſtore,
And add to that the Crown of *Mexico*:
Would you for her, *Cydaria*'s love forgo?
Cort. Though ſhe could offer all you can invent,
I could not of my Faith, once vow'd, repent.
Alm. A burning bluſh has cover'd all my face;
Why am I forc'd to publiſh my diſgrace?
What if I love, you know it cannot be,
And yet I bluſh to put the caſe 'twere me.
If I could love you, with a flame ſo true
I could forget what hand my Brother ſlew?——
——Make out the reſt,——I am diſorder'd ſo
I know not farther what to ſay or do:
——But anſwer me to what you think I meant.
Cort. Reaſon or Wit no anſwer can invent:
Of words confus'd who can the meaning find?
Alm. Diſorder'd words ſhow a diſtemper'd mind.
Cort. She has oblig'd me ſo, that could I chuſe,
I would not anſwer what I muſt refuſe. [*Aſide.*
Alm. ——His mind is ſhook;——ſuppoſe I lov'd you, ſpeak,
Would you for me *Cydaria*'s Fetters break?
Cort. Things meant in Jeſt, no ſerious anſwer need.
Alm. But put the caſe that it were ſo indeed.
Cort. If it were ſo, which but to think were Pride,
My conſtant Love would dangerouſly be try'd:
For ſince you could a Brothers death forgive,
He whom you ſave, for you alone ſhould live:
But I the moſt unhappy of mankind,
E're I knew yours, have all my love reſign'd:
'Tis my own loſs I grieve, who have no more;
You go a begging to a Bankrupts door.
Yet could I change, as ſure I never can,
How could you love ſo infamous a Man?
For love once given from her, and plac'd in you,
Would leave no ground I ever could be true.

Alm.

Alm. You construed me aright,—I was in Jest:
And by that offer meant to sound your breast;
Which since I find so constant to your Love,
Will much my value of your worth improve.
Spaniard assure your self you shall not be
Oblig'd to quit *Cydaria* for me:
'Tis dangerous though to treat me in this sort,
And to refuse my offers, though in sport. [*Exit* Almeria.

Cort. In what a strange Condition am I left, [Cort. *solus.*
More than I wish I have, of all I wish bereft!
In wishing nothing we enjoy still most;
For even our wish is, in possession lost:
Restless we wander to a new desire,
And burn our selves by blowing up the Fire:
We toss and turn about our Feaverish will,
When all our ease must come by lying still:
For all the happiness Mankind can gain
Is not in pleasure, but in rest from pain.

Goes in and the Scene closes upon him.

SCENE II. *Chamber Royal.*

Enter *Montezuma*, *Odmar*, *Guyomar*, *Alibech.*

Mont. My ears are deaf with this impatient crowd.
Odm. Their wants are now grown Mutinous and loud:
The General's taken, but the Siege remains;
And their last food our dying Men sustains.
Guy. One means is only left, I to this hour,
Have kept the Captive from *Almeria*'s power,
And though by your command she often sent
To urge his doom, do still his death prevent.
Mont. That hope is past: him I have oft assayl'd,
But neither threats nor kindness have prevail'd;
Hiding our wants, I offer'd to release
His Chains, and equally conclude a Peace:
He fiercely answer'd I had now no way
But to submit, and without terms obey:

I told

I told him, he in Chains demanded more
Than he impos'd in Victory before:
He ſullenly reply'd, he could not make
Theſe offers now; Honour muſt give, not take.
Odm. Twice have I ſally'd, and was twice beat back;
What deſp'rate courſe remains for us to take!
Mont. If either Death or Bondage I muſt chooſe,
I'll keep my freedom, though my life I loſe.
Guy. I'll not upbraid you that you once refus'd
Thoſe means, you might have then with Honour us'd:
I'll lead your Men, perhaps bring Victory:
They know to Conquer beſt, who know to Dye.
[*Exeunt* Montezuma, Odmar.
Alib. Ah me, what have I heard! ſtay *Guyomar*,
What hope you from this Sally you prepare?
Guy. A death, with Honour for my Countries good:
A death, to which your ſelf deſign'd my blood.
Alib. You heard, and I well know the Towns diſtreſs,
Which Sword and Famine both at once oppreſs:
Famine ſo fierce, that what's deny'd Mans uſe,
Even deadly Plants, and Herbs of pois'nous juice
Wild hunger ſeeks; and to prolong our breath,
We greedily devour our certain death:
The Souldier in th'aſſault of Famine falls:
And Ghoſts not Men are watching on the walls.
As Callow Birds——
Whoſe Mother's kill'd in ſeeking of the prey,
Cry in their Neſt, and think her long away;
And at each leaf that ſtirs, each blaſt of wind,
Gape for the Food which they muſt never find:
So cry the people in their miſery.
Guy. And what relief can they expect from me?
Alib. While *Montezuma* ſleeps, call in the Foe:
The Captive General your deſign may know:
His Noble heart, to Honour ever true,
Knows how to ſpare as well as to ſubdue.
Guy. What I have heard I bluſh to hear: and grieve
Thoſe words you ſpoke I muſt your words believe;

I to do this! I, whom you once thought brave,
To sell my Country, and my King enslave?
All I have done by one foul act deface,
And yield my right to you by turning base?
What more could *Odmar* wish that I should do
To lose your Love, than you perswade me to?
No, Madam, no, I never can commit
A deed so ill, nor can you suffer it:
'Tis but to try what Vertue you can find
Lodg'd in my Soul.

Alib. I plainly speak my Mind;
Dear as my Life my Vertue I'll preserve:
But Vertue you too scrupulously serve:
I lov'd not more than now my Countries good,
When for it's service I employ'd your Blood:
But things are alter'd, I am still the same,
By different ways still moving to one fame;
And by dis-arming you, I now do more
To save the Town, than arming you before.

Guy. Things good or ill by circumstances be,
In you 'tis Vertue, what is vice in me.

Alib. That ill is pardon'd which does good procure.

Guy. The good's uncertain, but the ill is sure.

Alib. When Kings grow stubborn, slothful, or unwise,
Each private man for publick good should rise.

Guy. Take heed fair Maid, how Monarchs you accuse:
Such reasons none but impious Rebels use:
Those who to Empire by dark paths aspire,
Still plead a call to what they most desire;
But Kings by free consent their Kingdoms take,
Strict as those Sacred Ties which Nuptials make;
And what e're faults in Princes time reveal,
None can be Judge where can be no Appeal.

Alib. In all debates you plainly let me see
You love your Vertue best, but *Odmar* me:
Go, your mistaken Piety pursue:
I'll have from him what is deny'd by you;

With

With my Commands you ſhall no more be grac'd,
Remember, Sir, this trial was your laſt.

Guy. The gods inſpire you with a better mind;
Make you more juſt, and make you then more kind:
But though from Vertues rules I cannot part,
Think I deny you with a bleeding Heart:
'Tis hard with me whatever choice I make;
I muſt not merit you, or muſt forſake:
But in this ſtrait, to Honour I'le be true,
And leave my Fortune to the gods and you.

Enter Meſſenger *Privately.*

Meſſ. Now is the time; be aiding to your Fate;
From the Watch-Tower, above the Weſtern Gate,
I have diſcern'd the Foe ſecurely lye,
Too proud to fear a beaten Enemy:
Their carleſs Chiefs to the cool Grottoes run,
The Bowers of Kings, to ſhade them from the Sun.

Guy. Upon thy life diſcloſe thy news to none;
I'le make the Conqueſt or the ſhame my own.

[*Exit* Guyomar *and* Meſſenger.

Enter Odmar.

Alib. I read ſome welcome meſſage in his Eye:
Prince *Odmar* comes: I'le ſee if he'l deny.
Odmar, I come to tell you pleaſing News,
I beg'd a thing your Brother did refuſe.

Odm. The News both pleaſes me and grieves me too;
For nothing, ſure, ſhould be deny'd to you:
But he was bleſt who might commanded be;
You never meant that happineſs to me.

Alib. What he refus'd your kindneſs might beſtow,
But my Commands, perhaps, your burden grow.

Odm. Could I but live till burdenſome they prove,
My Life would be immortal as my Love.
Your wiſh, e're it receive a name I grant.

Alib. 'Tis to relieve your dying Countries want;
All hopes of ſuccour from your Arms is paſt,
To ſave us now you muſt our Ruine haſte;

Give up the Town, and to oblige him more,
The Captive General's liberty reſtore.

Odm. You ſpeak to try my Love, can you forgive
So ſoon, to let your Brother's Murderer live?

Alib. Orbellan, though my Brother, did diſgrace
With treacherous Deeds, our Mighty Mothers Race;
And to revenge his Blood, ſo juſtly ſpilt,
What is it leſs than to partake his guilt?
Though my Proud Siſter to revenge incline,
I to my Country's good my own reſign.

Odm. To ſave our Lives our Freedom I betray——
——————Yet ſince I promis'd it, I will obey;
I'le not my Shame nor your Commands diſpute:
You ſhall behold your Empire's abſolute. [*Exit* Odmar.

Alib. I ſhould have thank'd him for his ſpeedy grant;
And yet I know not how, fit words I want:
Sure I am grown diſtracted in my mind,
That joy this grant ſhould bring I cannot find:
The one, denying, vex'd my Soul before;
And this, obeying, has diſturb'd me more:
The one, with grief, and ſlowly did refuſe,
The other, in his grant, much haſte did uſe:
——He us'd too much——and granting me ſo ſoon,
He has the merit of the gift undone:
Methought with wondrous eaſe, he ſwallowed down
His forfeit Honour, to betray the Town:
My inward choice was *Guyomar* before,
But now his Vertue has confirm'd me more——
——I rave, I rave, for *Odmar* will obey,
And then my promiſe muſt my choice betray.
Fantaſtick Honour, thou haſt fram'd a toyl
Thy ſelf, to make thy Love thy Vertues ſpoyl. [*Exit* Alibech.

SCENE

SCENE III.

A pleaſant Grotto diſcover'd: in it a Fountain ſpouting; round about it Vaſquez, Pizarro, *and other* Spaniards *lying careleſly un-arm'd, and by them many* Indian *Women, one of which ſings the following Song.*

SONG.

Ah fading joy how quickly art thou paſt?
Yet we thy ruine haſte.
As if the cares of Humane Life were few
Wee ſeek out new:
And follow Fate which would too faſt purſue.

See how on every bough the Birds expreſs
In their ſweet notes their happineſs.
They all enjoy, and nothing ſpare;
But on their Mother Nature lay their care:
Why then ſhould Man, the Lord of all below
Such troubles chuſe to know
As none of all his Subjects undergo?

Hark, hark, the Waters fall, fall, fall;
And with a Murmuring ſound
Daſh, daſh, upon the ground,
To gentle ſlumbers call.

After the Song two Spaniards *ariſe and dance a* Saraband *with* Caſtanieta's: *at the end of which,* Guyomar *and his* Indians *enter, and e're the* Spaniards *can recover their Swords, ſeize them.*

Guy. Thoſe whom you took without in Triumph bring,
But ſee theſe ſtraight conducted to the King.
Piz. Vaſquez, what now remains in theſe extreams?
Vaſq. Only to wake us from our Golden Dreams.

Piz.

Piz. Since by our ſhameful conduct, we have loſt
Freedom, Wealth, Honour, which we value moſt,
I wiſh they would our Lives a period give:
They live too long who Happineſs out-live.

[Spaniards *are led ent.*

1. *Ind.* See, Sir, how quickly your ſucceſs is ſpread:
The King comes marching in the Armies head.

Enter Montezuma, Alibech, Odmar, *Diſcontented.*

Mon. Now all the gods reward and bleſs my Son: [*Embracing.*
Thou haſt this day, thy Fathers Youth out-done.

Alib. Juſt Heaven all Happineſs upon him ſhower,
Till it confeſs it's will beyond it's power.

Guy. The Heavens are kind, the gods propitious be,
I only doubt a Mortal Deity:
I neither Fought for Conqueſt, nor for Fame,
Your Love alone can recompence my Flame.

Alib. I gave my Love to the moſt brave in War;
But that the King muſt judge.

Mont. ——— 'Tis *Guyomar.*

[*Souldiers ſhout,* A Guyomar *&c.*

Mont. This day your Nuptials we will Celebrate;
But guard theſe haughty Captives till their Fate:
Odmar, this night to keep them be your care,
To morrow for their Sacrifice prepare.

Alib. Blot not your Conqueſt with your Cruelty.

Mont. Fate ſays we are not ſafe unleſs they Dye:
The Spirit that foretold this happy day,
Bid me uſe Caution and avoid delay:
Poſterity be juſter to my Fame;
Nor call it Murder, when each private Man
In his defence may juſtly do the ſame:
But private perſons more than Monarchs can:
All weigh our Acts, and what e're ſeems unjuſt,
Impute not to Neceſſity, but Luſt.

[*Exeunt* Montezuma, Guyomar, *and* Alibech.

Odm. Loſt and undone! he had my Fathers voice,
And *Alibech* ſeem'd pleas'd with her new choice:
Alas, it was not new! too late I ſee,

Since

Since one she hated, that it must be me.
——I feel a strange Temptation in my will
To do an action, great at once and ill:
Vertue ill treated from my Soul is fled;
I by Revenge and Love am wholly led:
Yet Conscience would against my rage rebel——
——Conscience, the foolish pride of doing well!
Sink Empire, Father perish, Brother fall,
Revenge does more than recompence you all.
——Conduct the Pris'ners in——
Spaniards, you see your own deplor'd Estate: } *Enter* Vasquez,
What dare you do to reconcile your Fate? } Pizarro.
Vasq. All that despair, with Courage joyn'd can do.
Odm. An easie way to Victory I'le show:
When all are buryed in their sleep or Joy,
I'le give you Arms, Burn, Ravish, and Destroy;
For my own share one Beauty I design,
Engage your Honour that she shall be mine.
Piz. I gladly Swear.
Vasq. ——————And I; but I request
That, in return, one who has touch'd my breast,
Whose name I know not, may be given to me.
Odm. Spaniard 'tis just; she's yours who e're she be.
Vasq. The night comes on: if Fortune bless the bold,
I shall possess the Beauty.
Piz. I the Gold. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE IV. *A Prison.*

Cortez *discovered, bound*: Almeria *talking with him.*

Alm. I come not now your constancy to prove,
You may believe me when I say I Love.
Cort. You have too well instructed me before,
In your intentions to believe you more.
Alm. I'm justly plagu'd by this your unbelief,
And am my self the cause of my own grief:

But

But to beg love, I cannot ſtoop ſo low;
It is enough that you my paſſion know:
'Tis in your choice; Love me, or love me not,
I have not yet my Brother's Death forgot. *Lays hold on the Dagger.*

Cort. You Menace me and Court me in a breath:
Your *Cupid* looks as dreadfully as Death.

Alm. Your hopes, without, are vaniſh'd into ſmoke:
Your Captains taken, and your Armies broke.

Cort. In vain you urge me with my miſeries:
When Fortune falls, High Courages can riſe.
Now ſhould I change my love, it would appear
Not the effect of gratitude, but fear.

Alm. I'le to the King and make it my Requeſt,
Or my Command that you may be releaſt;
And make you judge, when I have ſet you free,
Who beſt deſerves your paſſion, I, or ſhe.

Cort. You tempt my Faith ſo generous a way,
As without guilt might conſtancy betray:
But I'm ſo far from meriting eſteem,
That if I judge, I muſt my ſelf condemn;
Yet having given my worthleſs heart before,
What I muſt ne're poſſeſs I will adore;
Take my devotion then this humbler way;
Devotion is the love which Heaven we pay. [*Kiſſes her hand.*

Enter Cydaria.

Cyd. May I believe my Eyes! what do I ſee!
Is this her Hate to him, his Love to me!
'Tis in my breaſt ſhe ſheaths her Dagger now.
Falſe Man, is this the Faith? is this the Vow? [*To him.*

Cort. What words, dear Saint, are theſe I hear you uſe?
What Faith, what Vows are thoſe which you accuſe?

Cyd. More cruel than the Tyger o're his ſpoil;
And falſer than the Weeping Crocodile:
Can you add Vanity to Guilt, and take
A Pride to hear the Conqueſts which you make?
Go publiſh your renown, let it be ſaid
You have a Woman, and that lov'd, betray'd.

Cort. With what injuſtice is my Faith accus'd?
Life, Freedom, Empire, I at once refus'd;
And would again ten thouſand times for you.
Alm. She'l have too great content to find him true;
And therefore ſince his Love is not for me,
I'le help to make my Rivals miſery. [*Aſide.*
Spaniard, I never thought you falſe before: [*To him.*
Can you at once two Miſtreſſes adore?
Keep the poor Soul no longer in Suſpence,
Your change is ſuch as does not need defence.
Cort. Riddles like theſe I cannot underſtand!
Alm. Why ſhould you bluſh? ſhe ſaw you kiſs my hand.
Cyd. Fear not, I will, while your firſt Love's deny'd,
Favour your ſhame, and turn my Eyes aſide;
My feeble hopes in her deſerts are loſt:
I neither can ſuch power nor beauty boaſt:
I have no tye upon you to be true
But that which looſned yours, my Love to you.
Cort. Could you have heard my words!
Cyd. ——————Alas, what needs
To hear your words, when I beheld your deeds?
Cort. What ſhall I ſay! the Fate of Love is ſuch,
That ſtill it ſees too little or too much.
That act of mine which does your paſſion move
Was but a mark of my Reſpect, not Love.
Alm. Vex not your ſelf excuſes to prepare:
For one you love not is not worth your care.
Cort. Cruel *Almeria* take that life you gave;
Since you but worſe deſtroy me, while you ſave.
Cyd. No, let me dye, and I'le my claim reſign;
For while I live, methinks you ſhould be mine.
Cort. The Bloodieſt Vengeance which ſhe could purſue,
Would be a trifle to my loſs of you.
Cyd. Your change was wiſe: for had ſhe been deny'd,
A ſwift Revenge had follow'd from her Pride:
You from my gentle Nature had no Fears,
All my Revenge is only in my Tears.

Cort. Can you imagine I so mean could prove,
To save my Life by changing of my Love?
Cyd. Since Death is that which Nat'rally we shun,
You did no more than I, perhaps, had done.
Cort. Make me not doubt, Fair Soul, your constancy;
You would have dy'd for Love, and so would I.
Alm. You may believe him; you have seen it prov'd.
Cort. Can I not gain belief how I have lov'd?
What can thy ends, malicious Beauty, be:
Can he who kill'd thy Brother live for thee?
[*A noise of Clashing of Swords.*
[Vasquez *within*, Indians *against him.*
Vasq. Yield Slaves or dye; our Swords shall force our way. [*within.*
Ind. We cannot, though o're-pow'd, our truth betray. [*within.*
Cort. 'Tis *Vasquez* voice, he brings me Liberty.
Vasq. In spight of Fate I'le set my General free: [*within.*
Now Victory for us, the Town's our own.
Alm. All hopes of safety and of love are gone:
As when some dreadful Thunder-clap is nigh,
The winged Fire shoots swiftly through the Skie,
Strikes and consumes e're scarce it does appear,
And by the sudden ill, prevents the fear:
Such is my state in this amazing wo,
It leaves no pow'r to think, much less to do:
——But shall my Rival live, shall she enjoy
That Love in Peace I labour'd to destroy? [*Aside.*
Cort. Her looks grow black as a tempestuous wind;
Some raging Thoughts are rowling in her mind.
Alm. Rival, I must your jealousie remove,
You shall, hereafter, be at rest for Love.
Cyd. Now you are kind.
Alm.——He whom you love is true:
But he shall never be possest by you.
[*Draws her Dagger, and runs towards her.*
Cort. Hold, hold, ah Barbarous Woman! flye, oh flye!
Cyd. Ah pity, pity, is no succour nigh!
Cort. Run, run behind me, there you may be sure,
While I have Life I will your Life secure.
[Cydaria *gets behind him.* *Alm.*

Alm. On him or thee light Vengeance any where.

[*She ſtabs and hurts him.*

——What have I done? I ſee his blood appear!

Cyd. It ſtreams, it ſtreams from every Vital part:
Was there no way but this to find his Heart?

Alm. Ah! Curſed Woman, what was my deſign!
This Weapons point ſhall mix that blood with mine!

[*Goes to ſtab her ſelf, and being within his reach he ſnatches the Dagger.*

Cort. Now neither Life nor Death are in your power.

Alm. Then ſullenly I'le wait my Fatal hour.

Enter Vaſquez *and* Pizarro *with drawn Swords.*

Vaſq. He Lives, he Lives.

Cort.——Unfetter me with ſpeed,
Vaſquez, I ſee you troubled that I bleed:
But 'tis not deep, our Army I can head.

Vaſq. You to a certain Victory are led;
Your Men all Arm'd, ſtand ſilently within:
I with your Freedom, did the work begin.

Piz. What Friends we have, and how we came ſo ſtrong,
We'l ſoftly tell you as we March along.

Cort. In this ſafe place let me ſecure your fear: [*To* Cydaria.
No Claſhing Swords, no Noiſe can enter here.
Amidſt our Arms as quiet you ſhall be
As Halcyons brooding on a Winter Sea.

Cyd. Leave me not here alone, and full of fright,
Amidſt the Terrors of a Dreadful night:
You judge, alas, my Courage by your own,
I never durſt in darkneſs be alone:
I beg, I throw me humbly at your Feet.——

Cort. You muſt not go where you may dangers meet.
Th'unruly Sword will no diſtinction make:
And Beauty will not there give wounds but take.

Alm. Then ſtay and take me with you; though to be
A Slave to wait upon your Victory.
My Heart unmov'd, can noiſe and Horrour bear:
Parting from you is all the Death I fear.

Cort. *Almeria* 'tis enough I leave you free:
You neither muſt ſtay here, nor go with me.
Alm. Then take my Life, that will my reſt reſtore:
'Tis all I ask for ſaving yours before.
Cort. That were a Barbarous return of Love.
Alm. Yet, leaving it, you more inhumane prove:
In both extreams I ſome relief ſhould find:
Oh either hate me more, or be more kind.
Cort. Life of my Soul do not my abſence mourn:
But chear your Heart in hopes of my return. [*To* Cydaria.
Your Noble Father's Life ſhall be my care;
And both your Brothers I'm oblig'd to ſpare.
Cyd. Fate makes you Deaf while I in vain implore,
My Heart forbodes I ne're ſhall ſee you more:
I have but one requeſt when I am Dead,
Let not my Rival to your Love ſucceed.
Cort. Fate will be kinder than your Fears fore-tell;
Farewel my Dear.
Cyd.--------A long and laſt farewel:
——So eager to imploy the cruel Sword;
Can you not one, not one laſt look afford!
Cort. I melt to womaniſh Tears, and if I ſtay,
I find my Love my Courage will betray;
Yon Tower will keep you ſafe, but be ſo kind
To your own Life that none may entrance find.
Cyd. Then lead me there——— [*He leads her.*
For this one Minute of your Company,
I go methinks, with ſome content to Dye.
[*Exeunt* Cortez, Vaſquez, Pizarro, Cydaria.
Alm. Farewel, O too much lov'd, ſince lov'd in vain! [*Sola.*
What diſmal Fortune does for me remain!
Night and Deſpair my Fatal Foot-ſteps guide;
That Chance may give the Death which he deny'd. [*Exit.*
[Cortez, Vaſquez, Pizarro, *and* Spaniards *return again.*
Cort. All I hold dear, I truſt to your defence; [*To* Pizarro.
Guard her, and on your Life, remove not hence.
[*Exeunt* Cortez *and* Vaſquez.

Piz. I'le venture that ——————
The gods are good; I'le leave her to their care,
Steal from my Poſt, and in the Plunder ſhare. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Chamber Royal, an Indian Hamock *diſcover'd in it.*

Enter Odmar *with Souldiers*, Guyomar, Alibech, *bound.*

Odm. FAte is more juſt than you to my deſert,
And in this Act you blame, Heaven takes my part.
Guy. Can there be Gods, and no Revenge provide?
Odm. The Gods are ever of the Conquering ſide:
She's now my Queen, the *Spaniards* have agreed
I to my Fathers Empire ſhall ſucceed.
Alib. How much I Crowns contemn I let thee ſee,
Chuſing the younger and refuſing thee.
Guy. Were ſhe Ambitious ſhe'd diſdain to own
The Pageant Pomp of ſuch a Servile throne:
A Throne which thou by Parricide do'ſt gain,
And by a baſe ſubmiſſion muſt retain.
Alib. I lov'd thee not before, but, *Odmar*, know
That now I hate thee and deſpiſe thee too.
Odm. With too much Violence you Crimes purſue,
Which if I Acted 'twas for Love of you:
This, if it teach not Love, may teach you Fear:
I brought not Sin ſo far, to ſtop it here.
Death in a Lovers Mouth, would ſound but ill:
But know, I either muſt enjoy, or kill.
Alib. Beſtow, baſe Man, thy idle Threats elſewhere,
My Mothers Daughter knows not how to Fear.
Since, *Guyomar*, I muſt not be thy Bride,
Death ſhall enjoy what is to thee deny'd.
Odm. Then take thy wiſh, ——————
Guy. Hold, *Odmar*, hold: ——————

My

My right in *Alibech* I will resign;
Rather than see her Dye, I'le see her thine.
Alib. In vain thou would'st resign, for I will be,
Ev'n when thou leav'st me, Constant still to thee:
That shall not save my Life: wilt thou appear
Fearful for her who for her self wants Fear?
Odm. Her love to him shows me a surer way:
I by her Love, her Vertue must betray: [*Aside.*
Since, *Alibech*, you are so true a Wife; [*To her.*
'Tis in your power to save your Husbands Life:
The gods, by me, your Love and Vertue try:
For both will suffer if you let him Dye.
Alib. I never can believe you will proceed
To such a Black and Execrable Deed.
Odm. I only threatn'd you; but could not prove
So much a Fool to murder what I Love:
But in his Death, I some advantage see:
Worse than it is I'm sure it cannot be.
If you consent, you with that gentle Breath
Preserve his Life: if not, behold his Death.
[*Holds his Sword to his Breast.*
Alib. What shall I do!
Guy. ——What, are your thoughts at strife
About a ransom to preserve my Life?
Though to save yours I did my Interest give,
Think not when you were his I meant to live.
Alib. O let him be preserv'd by any way:
But name not the foul price which I must pay. [*To Odmar.*
Odm. You would and would not, I'le no longer stay.
[*Offers again to Kill him.*
Alib. I yield, I yield, but yet e're I am ill,
An innocent desire I would fulfil:
With *Guyomar* I one Chast Kiss would leave,
The first and last he ever can receive.
Odm. Have what you ask: that Minute you agree
To my desires, your Husband shall be free.
[*They unbind her, she goes to her Husband.*

Guy.

Guy. No, *Alibech*, we never must embrace: [*He turns*
Your guilty kindness why do you mis-place? [*from her.*
'Tis meant to him, he is your private Choice:
I was made yours but by the publick Voice.
And now you leave me with a poor pretence,
That your ill Act is for my life's defence.

Alib. Since there remains no other means to try,
Think I am false; I cannot see you dye.

Guy. To give for me both Life and Honour too
Is more, perhaps, than I could give for you.
You have done much to cure my Jealousie,
But cannot perfect it unless both Dye:
For since both cannot live, who stays behind
Must be thought fearful, or, what's worse, unkind.

Alib. I never could propose that Death you chuse;
But am like you, too jealous to refuse. [*Embracing him.*
Together dying, we together show
That both did pay that Faith which both did owe.

Odm. It then remains I act my own design:
Have you your wills, but I will first have mine.
Assist me Souldiers.——

[*They go to bind her: she cries out. Enter* Vasquez, *two* Spaniards.

Vasq. Hold, *Odmar*, hold, I come in happy time
To hinder my Mis-fortune, and your Crime.

Odm. You ill return the kindness I have shown.

Vasq. Indian, I say desist.

Odm.——*Spaniard*, be gone.

Vasq. This Lady I did for my self design:
Dare you attempt her honour who is mine?

Odm. You're much mistaken; this is she whom I
Did with my Father's loss, and Country's buy:
She whom your promise did to me convey,
When all things else were made your common prey.

Vasq. That promise made excepted one for me;
One whom I still reserv'd, and this is she.

Odm. This is not she, you cannot be so base.

Vasq.

Vasq. I love too deeply to mistake the Face:
The Vanquish'd must receive the Victors Laws.
Odm. If I am Vanquish'd, I my self am Cause.
Vasq. Then thank your self for what you undergo.
Odm. Thus Lawless Might does Justice overthrow.
Vasq. Traytors, like you, should never Justice name.
Odm. You owe your Triumphs to that Traytors shame.
But to your General I'le my right refer.
Vasq. He never will protect a Ravisher:
His Generous Heart will soon decide our strife;
He to your Brother will restore his Wife.
It rests we two our claim in Combat try,
And that with this fair prize, the Victor flye.
Odm. Make haste,
I cannot suffer to be long perplext:
Conquest is my first wish, and Death my next.
[*They Fight, the* Spaniards *and* Indians *Fight.*
Alib. The gods the Wicked by themselves o'rethrow:
All Fight against us now and for us too! [*Unbinds her Husband.*
[*The two* Spaniards *and three* Indians *kill each other*, Vasquez *kills* Odmar, Guyomar *runs to his Brothers Sword.*
Vasq. Now you are mine; my greatest Foe is slain. [*To* Alibech.
Guy. A greater still to Vanquish does remain.
Vasq. Another yet!
The Wounds I make but sow new Enemies:
Which from their Blood, like Earth-born-brethren rise.
Guy. Spaniard take breath: some respite I'le afford,
My Cause is more advantage than your Sword.
Vasq. Thou art so brave---could it with Honour be,
I'd seek thy Friendship, more than Victory.
Guy. Friendship with him whose hand did *Odmar* kill!
Base as he was, he was my Brother still:
And since his Blood has wash'd away his guilt,
Nature asks thine for that which thou hast spilt.
[*They Fight a little and breathe*, Alibech *takes up a Sword and comes on.*
Alib. My weakness may help something in the strife.

Guy.

Guy. Kill not my Honour to preſerve my Life: [*Staying her.*
Rather than by thy aid I'le Conqueſt gain,
Without defence I poorly will be ſlain.
[*She goes back, they Fight again,* Vaſquez *falls.*
Guy. Now, *Spaniard,* beg thy Life and thou ſhalt live.
Vaſq. 'Twere vain to ask thee what thou canſt not give:
My breath goes out, and I am now no more;
Yet her I lov'd, in Death I will adore. [*Dyes.*
Guy. Come, *Alibech,* let us from hence remove:
This is a night of Horror, not of Love.
From every part I hear a dreadful noiſe;
The Vanquiſh'd Crying, and the Victors Joys.
I'le to my Father's aid and Countrie's flye;
And ſuccour both, or in their ruine dye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Priſon.*

Montezuma, Indian High Prieſt *bound,* Pizarro, Spaniards *with Swords drawn, a* Chriſtian Prieſt.

Piz. Thou haſt not yet diſcover'd all thy ſtore.
Mont. I neither can nor will diſcover more:
The gods will puniſh you, if they be juſt;
The gods will plague your Sacrilegious Luſt.
Chr. Prieſt. Mark how this impious Heathen juſtifies
His own falſe gods and our true God denies:
How wickedly he has refus'd his wealth,
And hid his Gold, from Chriſtian hands, by ſtealth:
Down with him, kill him, merit Heaven thereby.
Ind. High Pr. Can Heaven be Author of ſuch Cruelty?
Piz. Since neither threats nor kindneſs will prevail,
We muſt by other means your minds aſſail;
Faſten the Engines; ſtretch 'em at their length,
And pull the ſtraitned Cords with all your ſtrength.
[*They faſten them to the rack, and then pull them.*
Mont. The gods, who made me once a King, ſhall know
I ſtill am worthy to continue ſo:

Though now the subject of your Tyranny,
I'le Plague you worse than you can punish me.
Know I have Gold, which you shall never find,
No Pains, no Tortures shall unlock my Mind.

Chr. Pr. Pull harder yet; he does not feel the rack.

Mont. Pull till my Veins break, and my Sinews crack.

Ind. High Pr. When will you end your Barb'rous Cruelty?
I beg not to escape, I beg to Dye.

Mont. Shame on thy Priest-hood that such pray'rs can bring:
Is it not brave to suffer with thy King?
When Monarchs suffer, gods themselves bear part;
Then well may'st thou, who but my Vassal art:
I charge thee dare not groan nor shew one sign,
Thou at thy Torments dost the least repine.

Ind. High Pr. You took an Oath when you receiv'd your Crown,
The Heavens should pour their usual Blessings down;
The Sun should shine, the Earth it's fruits produce,
And nought be wanting to your Subjects use:
Yet we with Famine were oppress't, and now
Must to the yoke of Cruel Masters bow.

Mont. If those above, who made the World, could be
Forgetful of it, why then blam'st thou me?

Chr. Pr. Those Pains, O Prince, thou sufferest now are light
Compar'd to those, which when thy Soul takes flight,
Immortal, endless, thou must then endure,
Which Death begins, and time can never cure.

Mont. Thou art deceiv'd: for whensoe're I Dye,
The Sun my Father bears my Soul on high:
He lets me down a Beam, and mounted there,
He draws it back, and pulls me through the Air:
I in the Eastern parts, and rising Sky,
You in Heaven's downfal, and the West must lye.

Chr. Pr. Fond man, by Heathen Ignorance misled,
Thy Soul destroying when thy Body's dead:
Change yet thy Faith, and buy Eternal rest.

Ind. High Pr. Dye in your own, for our Belief is best.

Mont. In seeking happiness you both agree,
But in the search, the paths so different be,

That

That all Religions with each other Fight,
While only one can lead us in the Right.
But till that one hath some more certain mark,
Poor humane kind must wander in the dark;
And suffer pains eternally below,
For that, which here we cannot come to know.

Chr. Pr. That which we worship, and which you believe,
From Natures common hand we both receive:
All under various names, Adore and Love
One power Immense, which ever rules above.
Vice to abhor, and Virtue to pursue,
Is both believ'd and taught by us and you:
But here our Worship takes another way----

Mont. Where both agree 'tis there most safe to stay:
For what's more vain than Publick Light to shun,
And set up Tapers while we see the Sun?

Chr. Pr. Though Nature teaches whom we should adore,
By Heavenly Beams we still discover more.

Mont. Or this must be enough, or to Mankind
One equal way to Bliss is not design'd.
For though some more may know, and some know less,
Yet all must know enough for happiness.

Chr. Pr. If in this middle way you still pretend
To stay, your Journey never will have end.

Mont. Howe're 'tis better in the midst to stay,
Than wander farther in uncertain way.

Chr. Pr. But we by Martyrdom our Faith avow.

Mont. You do no more than I for ours do now,
To prove Religion true------
If either Wit or Sufferings would suffice,
All Faiths afford the Constant and the Wise:
And yet ev'n they, by Education sway'd,
In Age defend what Infancy obey'd.

Chr. Pr. Since Age by erring Child-hood is misled,
Refer your self to our Un-erring Head.

Mont. Man and not erre! what reason can you give?

Chr. Pr. Renounce that carnal reason, and believe.

Mont. The Light of Nature ſhould I thus betray,
'Twere to wink hard that I might ſee the day.

Chr. Pr. Condemn not yet the way you do not know;
I'le make your reaſon judge what way to go.

Mont. 'Tis much too late for me new ways to take,
Who have but one ſhort ſtep of life to make.

Pizz. Increaſe their Pains, the Cords are yet too ſlack.

Chr. Pr. I muſt by force convert him on the Rack.

Ind. High Pr. I faint away and find I can no more:
Give leave, O King, I may reveal thy ſtore,
And free my ſelf from pains I cannot bear.

Mont. Think'ſt thou I lye on Beds of Roſes here,
Or in a wanton Bath ſtretch'd at my eaſe?
Dye, Slave, and with thee, dye ſuch thoughts as theſe.

[High Prieſt *turns aſide and dyes*

Enter Cortez *attended by* Spaniards, *he ſpeaks entring.*

Cort. On pain of death kill none but thoſe who fight;
I much repent me of this bloody night:
Slaughter grows murder when it goes too far,
And makes a Maſſacre what was a War:
Sheath all your weapons and in ſilence move,
'Tis ſacred here to Beauty and to Love.
Ha-- --- [*Sees* Montezuma.
What diſmal ſight is this which takes from me
All the delight that waits on Victory!

[*Runs to take him off the Rack.*

Make haſte: how now, Religion do you frown?
Haſte holy Avarice, and help him down.
Ah Father, Father, what do I endure [*Embracing* Montezuma.
To ſee theſe wounds my pity cannot cure!

Mont. Am I ſo low that you ſhould pity bring,
And give an infants Comfort to a King?
Ask theſe if I have once unmanly groan'd;
Or ought have done deſerving to be moan'd.

Cort. Did I not charge thou ſhould'ſt not ſtir from hence? [*To*
But Martial Law ſhall puniſh thy offence. Pizarro.
And you, [*To the Chr. Prieſt.*

Who

Who ſawcily teach Monarchs to obey,
And the wide World in narrow Cloyſters ſway;
Set up by Kings as humble aids of power,
You that which bred you, Viper-like devour,
You Enemies of Crowns.

Chr. Pr. ——————Come, let's away,
We but provoke his fury by our ſtay.

Cort. If this go free, farewel that diſcipline
Which did in Spaniſh Camps ſeverely ſhine:
Accurſed Gold, 'tis thou haſt caus'd theſe crimes;
Thou turn'ſt our Steel againſt thy parent Climes!
And into *Spain* wilt fatally be brought,
Since with the price of blood thou here art bought.

[*Exeunt* Prieſt *and* Pizarro.

[Cortez *kneels by* Montezuma, *and weeps.*

Cort. Can you forget thoſe Crimes they did commit?

Mont. I'le do what for my dignity is fit:
Riſe, Sir, I'm ſatisfi'd the fault was theirs:
Truſt me you make me weep to ſee your Tears:
Muſt I chear you?

Cort. Ah Heavens!

Mont. ——————You're much to blame;
Your grief is cruel, for it ſhews my ſhame,
Does my loſt Crown to my remembrance bring:
But weep not you and I'le be ſtill a King.
You have forgot that I your Death deſign'd,
To ſatisfie the Proud *Almeria*'s mind:
You, who preſerv'd my Life, I doom'd to Dye.

Cort. Your Love did that and not your Cruelty.

Enter a Spaniard.

Span. Prince *Guyomar* the Combat ſtill maintains,
Our Men retreat, and he their ground regains:
But once incourag'd by our Generals ſight,
We boldly ſhould renew the doubtful Fight.

Cort. Remove not hence, you ſhall not long attend: { *To* Mon-
I'le aid my Souldiers, yet preſerve my Friend. { tezuma.

Mont. Excellent Man! [*Exit* Cortez, *&c.*

But

But I, by living, poorly take the way
To injure Goodneſs, which I cannot pay.

Enter Almeria.

Alm. Ruine and Death run arm'd through every Street;
And yet that Fate I ſeek I cannot meet:
What guards misfortunes are and miſery!
Death that ſtrikes all, yet ſeems afraid of me.

Mont. *Almeria*'s here: oh turn away your Face!
Muſt you be witneſs too of my diſgrace?

Alm. I am not that *Almeria* whom you knew,
But want that pity I deny'd to you:
Your Conquerour, alas, has Vanquiſh'd me;
But he refuſes his own Victory:
While all are Captives, in your Conquer'd State,
I find a wretched freedom in his hate.

Mont. Could'ſt thou thy Love on one who ſcorn'd thee loſe?
He ſaw not with my Eyes who could refuſe:
Him who could prove ſo much unkind to thee,
I ne're will ſuffer to be kind to me.

Alm. I am content in Death to ſhare your Fate;
And dye for him I love with him I hate.

Mont. What ſhall I do in this perplexing ſtreight!
My tortur'd Limbs refuſe to bear my weight: (*Endeavouring to walk not being able.*
I cannot go to Death to ſet me free:
Death muſt be kind, and come himſelf to me.

Alm. I've thought upon't: I have affairs below, [Alm. *muſing.*
Which I muſt needs diſpatch before I go:
Sir, I have found a place where you may be, [*To him.*
(Though not preſerv'd) yet like a King dye free:
The General left your Daughter in the Tower,
We may a while reſiſt the *Spaniards* power,
If *Gugomar* prevail,———

Mont. ———Make haſte and call;
She'l hear your Voice, and anſwer from the Wall.

Alm. My voice ſhe knows and fears, but uſe your own,
And to gain entrance, feign you are alone. [Alm. *ſteps behind.*

Mont. *Cydaria!*

Alm.

Alm. ——Lowder.
Mont. ——Daughter!
Alm. ——Lowder yet.
Mont. Thou canſt not, ſure, thy Father's voice forget.
[*He knocks at the Door, at laſt* Cydaria *looks over the* Balcone.
Cyd. Since my Love went I have been frighted ſo,
With diſmal Groans, and Noiſes from below:
I durſt not ſend my Eyes abroad for fear
Of ſeeing dangers, which I yet but hear.
Mont. Cydaria!
Cyd. ——Sure 'tis my Father calls.
Mont. ——Dear Child make haſte;
All hope of ſuccour, but from thee is paſt:
As when upon the ſands the Traveller
Sees the high Sea come rolling from afar,
The Land grow ſhort, he mends his weary pace,
While Death behind him covers all the place:
So I by ſwift mis-fortunes am purſu'd,
Which on each other, are like Waves renew'd.

Cyd. Are you alone?
Mont. ——I am.
Cyd. ——I'le ſtreight deſcend;
Heaven did you here for both our ſafeties ſend.
[Cydaria *deſcends and opens the Door*, Almeria *ruſhes betwixt with* Montezuma.
Cyd. Almeria here! then I am loſt again. [*Both thruſt.*
Alm. Yield to my ſtrength, you ſtruggle but in vain.
Make haſte and ſhut, our Enemies appear.
[Cortez *and* Spaniards *appear at the other end.*
Cyd. Then do you enter and let me ſtay here.
[*As ſhe ſpeaks,* Almeria *over-powers her, thruſts her in, and ſhuts.*

Cort. Sure I both heard her voice and ſaw her face,
She's like a Viſion vaniſh'd from the place.

Too

Too late I find my abſence was too long;
My hopes grow ſickly, and my fears grow ſtrong.
[*He knocks a little, then* Montezuma, Cydaria, Almeria *appear above.*
Alm. Look up, look up, and ſee if you can know
Thoſe whom in vain you think to find below.
Cyd. Look up and ſee *Cydaria*'s loſt eſtate.
Mont. And caſt one look on *Montezuma*'s Fate.
Cort. Speak not ſuch diſmal words as wound my Ear:
Nor name Death to me when *Cydaria*'s there.
Deſpair not, Sir, who knows but Conquering *Spain*
May part of what you loſt reſtore again?
Mont. No, *Spaniard*, know, he who to Empire born,
Lives to be leſs, deſerves the Victors ſcorn:
Kings and their Crowns have but one Deſtiny:
Power is their life, when that expires they dye.
Cyd. What dreadful words are theſe!
Mont.-----Name Life no more;
'Tis now a Torture worſe than all I bore:
I'le not be brib'd to ſuffer Life, but dye
In ſpight of your miſtaken Clemency.
I was your Slave, and I was us'd like one;
The Shame continues when the Pain is gone:
But I'm a King while this is in my Hand,---- [*His Sword.*
He wants no Subjects who can Death Command:
You ſhould have ty'd him up, t'have Conquer'd me,
But he's ſtill mine, and thus he ſets me free. [*Stabs himſelf.*
Cyd. Oh my dear Father!
Cort.-----Haſte, break ope the door.
Alm. When that is forc'd there yet remain two more.
[*The Souldiers break open the firſt door, and go in.*
We ſhall have time enough to take our way,
E're any can our Fatal Journey ſtay.
Mont. Already mine is paſt: O powers divine
Take my laſt thanks; no longer I repine:
I might have liv'd my own mishaps to mourn,
While ſome would pity me, but more would ſcorn
For Pity only on freſh Objects ſtays:

But

But with the tedious sight of Woes decays,
Still less and less my Boyling Spirits flow;
And I grow stiff as cooling Metals do:
Farewel *Almeria*——— [*Dyes.*
Cyd.———He's gone, he's gone,
And leaves poor me defenceless here alone.
Alm. You shall not long be so: prepare to dye,
That you may bear your Father Company.
Cyd. Oh name not Death to me; you fright me so,
That with the Fear I shall prevent the blow:
I know your Mercy's more than to destroy
A thing so young, so innocent, as I.
Cort. Whence can proceed thy cruel thirst of blood,
Ah Barb'rous Woman? Woman! that's too good,
Too mild for thee: there's pity in that name,
But thou hast lost thy pity, with thy shame.
Alm. Your cruel words have pierc'd me to the Heart;
But on my Rival I'le revenge my smart.
Cort. Oh stay your hand, and to redeem my fault,
I'le speak the kindest words——
That tongue e're utter'd, or that heart e're thought.
Dear——Lovely——Sweet——
Alm. This but offends me more;
You act your kindness on *Cydaria*'s score.
Cyd. For his dear sake let me my Life receive.
Alm. Fool, for his sake alone you must not live:
Revenge is now my Joy; he's not for me,
And I'le make sure he ne're shall be for thee.
Cyd. But what's my Crime?
Alm.———'Tis Loving where I Love.
Cyd. Your own example does my act approve.
Alm. 'Tis such a Fault I never can forgive.
Cyd. How can I mend, unless you let me live?
I yet am Tender, Young, and full of Fear,
And dare not Dye, but fain would tarry here.
Cort. If blood you seek, I will my own resign:
O spare her Life, and in exchange, take mine.
Alm. The Love you shew but hasts her Death the more.

Cort. I'le run, and help to force the inner doors. [*Going in haste.*

Alm. Stay, *Spaniard*, stay, depart not from my Eyes:
That moment that I lose your sight, she dyes.
To look on you I'le grant a short reprieve.

Cort. O make your gift more full, and let her live;
I dare not go; and yet how dare I stay?
Her I would save, I murder either way.

Cyd. Can you be so hard-hearted, to destroy
My ripening hopes, that are so near to joy?
I just approach to all I would possess:
Death only stands 'twixt me and happiness.

Alm. Your Father, with his Life, has lost his Throne:
Your Countries freedom and renown is gone.
Honour requires your Death: you must obey.

Cyd. Do you dye first, and shew me the way.

Alm. Should you not follow, my Revenge were lost.

Cyd. Then rise again, and fright me with your Ghost.

Alm. I will not trust to that since death I chuse,
I'le not leave you that Life which I refuse.
If Death's a pain, it is not fit for me;
And if 'tis nothing, 'tis no more to thee.
But hark! the noise increases from behind,
They're near, and may prevent what I design'd:
Take there a Rival's gift. [*Stabs her.*

Cort. Perdition seize thee for so black a Deed.

Alm. Blame not an Act which did from Love proceed:
I'le thus Revenge thee with this fatal blow; [*Stabs her self.*
Stand fair and let my Heart-blood on thee flow.

Cyd. Stay Life, and keep me in the chearful Light;
Death is too black, and dwells in too much Night.
Thou leav'st me, Life, but Love supplies thy part,
And keeps me warm by lingring in my Heart:
Yet dying for him, I thy claim remove;
How dear it costs to Conquer in my Love!
Now strike: that thought I hope, will arm my breast.

Alm. Ah with what differing passions am I prest!

Cyd.

Cyd. Death, when far off, did terrible appear;
But looks less dreadful as he comes more near.
Alm. O Rival, I have lost the power to kill;
Strength hath forsook my Arm, and Rage my Will:
I must surmount that Love which thou hast shown
Dying for him is due to me alone.
Thy weakness shall not boast the Victory.
Now thou shalt live, and dead I'le Conquer thee:
Souldiers assist me down.

[*Exeunt from above led by* Souldiers, *and enter beth led by* Cortez.

Cort. Is there no danger then? [*To* Cydaria.
Cyd. ——You need not fear
My Wound, I cannot dye when you are near.
Cort. You for my sake, Life to *Cydaria* give; [*To* Almeria.
And I could dye for you, if you might live.
Alm. Enough, I dye content, now you are kind;
Kill'd in my Limbs, reviving in my Mind:
Come near, *Cydaria*, and forgive my Crime.

[Cydaria *starts back.*

You need not fear my rage a second time:
I'le bath your Wounds in Tears for my Offence:
That Hand which made it makes this Recompence.

[*Ready to joyn their hands.*

I would have joyn'd you, but my Heart's too high:
You will, too soon, possess him when I dye.
Cort. She faints, O softly set her down.
Alm.——'Tis past!
In thy Lov'd Bosom let me breathe my last.
Here in this one short Moment that I Live.
I have what e're the longest Life could give.—— [*Dyes.*
Cort. Farewel, thou Generous Maid: ev'n Victory
Glad as it is, must lend some Tears to thee:
Many I dare not shed, lest you believe [*To* Cydaria.
I Joy in you less than for her I Grieve.
Cyd. But are you sure she's dead?
I must embrace you fast, before I know
Whether my Life be yet secure or no:

Some other hour I will to Tears allow;
But having you, can shew no sorrow now.

[*Enter* Guyomar *and* Alibech *bound, with Souldiers.*

Cort. Prince *Guyomar* in bonds! O Friendship's shame!
It makes me blush to own a Victors name.

[*Unbinds him,* Cydaria, Alibech.

Cyd. See, *Alibech*, *Almeria* lies there!
But do not think 'twas I that murder'd her.

[Alibech *kneels and kisses her Dead Sister.*

Cort. Live, and enjoy more than your Conquerour: { *To* Guyomar.
Take all my Love, and share in all my Power.

Guy. Think me not proudly rude, if I forsake
Those Gifts I cannot with my Honour take:
I for my Country Fought, and would again;
Had I yet left a Country to maintain:
But since the Gods decreed it otherwise,
I never will on its dear Ruines rise.

Alib. Of all your goodness leaves to our disposе,
Our Liberty's the only gift we chose:
Absence alone can make our Sorrows less;
And not to see what we can ne're redress.

Guy. Northward, beyond the Mountains we will go,
Where Rocks lye cover'd with Eternal Snow,
Thin Herbage in the Plains and Fruitless Fields,
The Sand no Gold, the Mine no Silver yields:
There Love and Freedom we'll in Peace enjoy;
No *Spaniards* will that Colony destroy.
We to our selves will all our wishes grant;
And nothing coveting can nothing want.

Cort. First your Great Father's Funeral Pomp provide:
That done, in Peace your Generous Exiles guide.
While I loud thanks pay to the Powers above,
Thus doubly Blest, with Conquest, and with Love. [*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

EPILOGUE

BY A

Mercury.

TO all and ſingular in this full meeting,
Ladies and Gallants, Phœbus *ſends me greeting.*
To all his Sons by what e're Title known,
Whether of Court, of Coffee-houſe, or Town;
From his moſt mighty Sons, whoſe confidence
Is plac'd in lofty ſound, and humble ſence,
Ev'n to his little Infants of the Time
Who Write new Songs, and truſt in Tune and Rhyme.
Be't known that Phœbus *(being dayly griev'd*
To ſee good Plays condemn'd, and bad receiv'd,)
Ordains your judgement upon every Cauſe,
Henceforth be limited by wholeſome Laws.
He firſt thinks fit no Sonnettier advance
His cenſure, farther than the Song or Dance.
Your Wit Burleſque may one ſtep higher climb,
And in his ſphere may judge all Doggrel Rhyme:
All proves, and moves, and Loves, and Honours too:
All that appears high ſence, and ſcarce is low.
As for the Coffee-wits he ſays not much,
Their proper buſ'neſs is to Damn the Dutch:

For

For the great Dons *of Wit*——
Phœbus *gives them full priviledge alone*
To Damn all others, and cry up their own.
Laſt, for the Ladies, 'tis Apollo's *will,*
They ſhould have power to ſave, but not to kill:
For Love and He long ſince have thought it fit,
Wit live by Beauty, Beauty raign by Wit.